



Oliver Johns-

Begin Act III

end at Scene II

Act IV

Mrs. Chase - 5-

\$1. 45^{to} Prof Hart,

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE TEXT OF THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE'S
FOURTH EDITION, WITH AN ARRANGEMENT
OF HIS GLOSSARY

IN FOUR VOLUMES

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor.	SEMPRONIUS, } kinsmen to CAIUS, } Titus. VALENTINE, }
BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.	ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.	ALARBUS, } sons to Tamora. DEMETRIUS, }
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.	CHIRON, } AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
LUCIUS, } QUINTUS, } sons to Titus MARTIUS, } Andronicus. MUTIUS, }	A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown. Romans and Goths.
YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.	TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.	LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
	A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — *Rome and the country near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the ANDRONICI appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS and his Followers; and, from the other side, BASSIANUS and his Followers; with drums and colors.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,

Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my
right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honor of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes and the people's favor
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favor of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go
up into the Capitol.]*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribèd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and
MUTIUS ; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered
with black ; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After
them, TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMO-
RA, with ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ;
Soldiers and People following.
The Bearers set down the
coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in my mourning weeds !
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught

Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead !
These that survive let Rome reward with love ;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors :
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you,— the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren ! — Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me !
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge :
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead ; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and
Mutius, with Alarbus.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent,
May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,—
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons ;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges, here no storms,
No noise ; but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons !

Lav. In peace and honor live Lord Titus long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud !

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes ;
re-enter SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS, attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triumpner in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords :

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue ;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceasèd emperor's sons :

Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness :

What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country :
Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ; —

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor. —

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts !

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honorable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages :
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common weal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, " Long live our emperor ! "

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,

Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honored of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*to Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to
an emperor;
To him that, for your honor and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. [*aside*] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum,
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in
dumb-show.*

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, sir ! are you in earnest, then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt !—Where is the Emperor's
guard ?—

Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd !

Sat. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !
Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [*Stabbing Mutius.*

Mut. Help, Lucius, help ! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonor me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful-promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonor me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear.

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.— Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt Saturninus, attended, Tamora,
Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonor'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonor'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. { And shall, or him we will accompany.

Mart. { *Tit.* "And shall!" what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renown'd Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals :
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Rise, Marcus, rise :—

[Marcus and the others rise.]

The dismal'st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome !—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[Mutius is put into the tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [kneeling] No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. [rising with the rest] My lord,— to step out of
these dreary dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but I know it is,—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell :
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS at-
tended, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and
AARON ; from the other, BASSIANUS,
LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

Bas. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so, I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothèd love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir ; you are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honor wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favor, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonor'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honor'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonor'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forbend
I should be author to dishonor you!

But on mine honor dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,—

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—

Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father and his traitorous sons,

To whom I suèd for my dear son's life;

And make them know what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor,— come, Andronicus,—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his high-
ness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honor and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honor, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

[*Marcus and the others rise.*

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash ;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora :
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—
Holla ! what storm is this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Make me less gracious, thee more fortunate :
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. [*coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonor'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonor here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say! —
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose t' achieve her whom I love.

Aar. T' achieve her! — how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court
it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must ye pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
 The forest-walks are wide and spacious ;
 And many unfrequented plots there are
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy :
 Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns,
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, &c., MARCUS,
 LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 T' attend the emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
 BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
and Attendants,

Many good morrows to your majesty ; —

Madam, to you as many and as good :—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [*Hides the gold.*]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rollèd in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise ;
And — after conflict such as was suppos'd

The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave —
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,— the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus :
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood,
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,— we are espied ;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress,— Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps !
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an óbscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-color'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious
mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have tic'd me hither to this place:

A barren detested vale you see it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe;

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—

And when they show'd me this abhorrèd pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confusèd cries,

As any mortal body hearing it
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect :
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,— nay, barbarous Tamora,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to her ;
 First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness :
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
 Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserv'd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
 To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
 O, do not learn her wrath,— she taught it thee ;

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true,— the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,— O, could I find it now! —
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means.— Away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband :

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit ; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make her sure :—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all th' Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.]

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[Falls into the pit.]

Quin. What, art thou fall'n ?—What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament !

Aar. *[aside]* Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stain'd hole ?

Quin. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the raggèd entrails of the pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, — I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Sat. Along with me : I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it. —
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive ;
But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound :
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[Giving a letter to Sat.]

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. *[reads]* " An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him :

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree

Mouth overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."—

O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?—

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.]

Sat. *[to Titus]* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :

There let them bide until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous thing !
How easily murder is discoverèd !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,—

Accursèd, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;

For, by my father's reverent tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron, and
Attendants, with Quintus, Martius, and
the body of Bassianus; then Andronicus
and Lucius.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece,—that flies away so
fast?—

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare

Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O could our mourning ease thy misery!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution ; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks ;
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought,
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept.
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears :
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distill from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! gentle, agèd men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain :
The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attirèd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.—

[*Rises.*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banishèd!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet-varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me : what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears ;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee :
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand :

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ! for that noble hand of **thine**,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you :
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended **Rome**,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Marc. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both :
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*aside*] If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :
But I'll deceive you in another sort
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,— that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!— [To *Lav.*] What, wilt thou kneel with me?

Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O, brother, speak with possibility,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd ;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death.

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
But sorrow flouted-at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus ;
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs :
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
hour,

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears :
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.— Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome :
Farewell, proud Rome ; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life :
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A room in TITUS'S house. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and YOUNG LUCIUS.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;

And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in
signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none.—

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,—

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought:

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I of these will wrest an alphabet,

And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Young Luc. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord.— a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny;
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favor'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!

As yet, I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.— Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chancèd in the times of old —
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young.
And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. The garden of TITUS'S house.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter YOUNG LUCIUS, running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and LAVINIA running after him.

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—

Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see how busily she turns the leaves !

[*Helping her.*

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of 'Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there !—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece :—brother, sit down by
me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here :—look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all. [*He writes his
name with his staff, and guides it with his feet
and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and
guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—
“*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*”

Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonor'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

You may be armèd and appointed well :
And so I leave you both,—[*aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Young Lucius and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round about ?
Let's see :—

[*Reads*] "*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget mauri, jaculis, nec arcu.*"

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just,—a verse in Horace ;—right, you have it.—

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no sound jest ! th' old man hath found their guilt ;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit :
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advancèd to this height ?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Aar. A charitable wish and full of love :
Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us over.
[*Flourish within.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus ?

Chi. Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ! who comes here ?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords :
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep;
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace! —
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue? —
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathèd choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point: —
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue ; .

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself,—
The vigor and the picture of my youth :
This before all the world do I prefer ;
This mauger all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears :
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, " Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchisèd and come to light :
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—

[He stabs her: she screams and dies.]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far one Mile lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be receiv'd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,

[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral:
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chr. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Exit Dem. and Chr., bearing off the dead Nurse.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.—
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.—

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;

Happily you may catch her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:—

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;

'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade

And pierce the inmost center of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition;

Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
 By day and night t' attend him carefully,

And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some easeful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back.
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there's justice nor in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear.—You're a good archer, Marcus:

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *Ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, *To Pallas*:—here, *To Mercury*:—

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]—O, well said,
Lucius!—

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes : God give his lordship joy !

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker ? he says that he hath taken
them down again, for the man must not be hanged till
the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with
him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

Clo. From heaven ! alas, sir, I never came there : God
forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal
plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and
one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the em-
peror from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor
with a grace ?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my
life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither : make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor :
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold ; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel ;
then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and

then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.— Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON,
Lords, and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows
in his hand that TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the willful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's *To Jove*, and this *To Mercury*;
This *To Apollo*; this *To the god of war*;—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libeling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feign'd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—[*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord,—Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
These tidings nip me : and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms :
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
'Tis he the common people love so much :
Myself hath often overheard them say —
When I have walkèd like a private man —
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not your city strong ?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succor him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name,
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody :
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises ; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[To *Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador ;
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honorably ;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drums and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus.

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits and honorable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowerèd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursèd Tamora.

Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :

"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful to the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.

*[A ladder is brought, which Aaron is made
to ascend.]*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on: and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall be all buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no
god :

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not ;

Yet, for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience,

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,

Therefore I urge thy oath ; for that, I know

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,

To that I'll urge him : — therefore thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—

To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up ;

Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus ;

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them :
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set ;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons :
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonèd almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never
blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day — and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse —
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
As, kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks ;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters
“ Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

[*Aaron is brought down from the ladder.*]

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius : what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me ;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general ?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.— March, away ! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome. Before TITUS's house.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word : how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action ?

Thou hast the odds of me ; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :

Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines ;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care ;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :

Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora ;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :

I am Revenge ; sent from th' infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;

Confer with me of murder and of death :

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—

Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand ;

Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;

And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globe.

Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves :

And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel

Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east

Until his very downfall in the sea :

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore call'd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. *[Exit above.]*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be reveng'd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee :
I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house ;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother ! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*aside to Dem. and Chi.*] What say you, boys ?
will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?

Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [aside] I know them all, though they suppose me
mad,

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursèd hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. [aside to Tam.] Madam, depart at pleasure;
leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS, and VALENTINE.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,—
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [Exit.

[*Publius, &c., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS, with LAVINIA; he bearing a knife,
and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So:—

Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Court of TITUS'S house: tables set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an Attendant; other Attendants.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt some Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with ÆMILIUS,
Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle:
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honorable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

*Enter TITUS dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA veiled,
YOUNG LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the
dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were. —
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*Kills Lavinia.*]

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakèd in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed!

[*Kills Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius,
Marcus, and their Partisans go up into a
gallery.*]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again

Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft ! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora deliverèd ;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes :
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the raggèd stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !

Marc. [*to Attendants*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrow-
ful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

LUCIUS, MARCUS, &c., *descend.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—

For nature puts me to a heavy task : —
Stand all aloof ; — but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. —
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kissing Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers : thy grandsire lov'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again ! —
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with AARON.

Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done with woes :
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offense he dies. This is our doom :
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done :
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closèd in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

THE FIRST PART V
OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.	WOODVILLE, lieutenant of the Tower.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, uncle to the King, and protector.	VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and regent of France.	BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.	A Lawyer.—Mortimer's Keepers.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal.	CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards king, of France.
JOHN BEAUFORT, earl of Somerset, afterwards duke.	REIGNIER, duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late earl of Cambridge, afterwards duke of York.	DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
EARL OF WARWICK.	DUKE OF ALENÇON.
EARL OF SALISBURY.	BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.	Governor of Paris.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury.	Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
JOHN TALBOT, his son.	General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
EDWARD MORTIMER, earl of March.	A French Sergeant. A Porter.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.	An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.	MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.	COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.	JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.
Mayor of London.	
Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.	

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE — *Partly in England and partly in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

Dead march. The corpse of King HENRY the Fifth, in state, is brought in, attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER, the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of time and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonorable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. (Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace !)

Let's to the altar : — heralds, wait on us : —
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead. —
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck ;
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
(A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright Berenice.)

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Rouen, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, all are quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man ! before dead Henry's
corse
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost ? is Rouen yielded up ?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost,

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was us'd ?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals :
 One would have lingering wars, with little cost ;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
 And a third thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility !
 Let not sloth dim your honors new-begot :
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern ; regent I am of France.—
 Give me my steelèd coat ! I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
 Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
 chance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
 Except some petty towns of no impòrt :
 The Dauphin Charles is crownèd king in Rheims,
 The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
 Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
 The Duke of Alençon flyeth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crownèd king ! all fly to him !
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats : —
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness ?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
 Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
 I must inform you of a dismal fight
 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What ! wherein Talbot overcame ? is't so ?

Third Mess. O, no ; wherein Lord Talbot was o'er-
 thrown :

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassèd and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men ;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers ;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitchèd in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuèd ;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance :
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew :
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
“ A Talbot ! a Talbot ! ” cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward :
He, being in the vaward,— plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre ;
Inclosèd were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Third Mess. O, no, he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford :
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay :
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne.—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Third Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;

The English army is grown weak and faint:
 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
 Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember 't; and here take my leave,
 To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
 To view th' artillery and munition;
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 Being ordain'd his special governor;
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
 I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:
 The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exit. Scene closes.]

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
 So in the earth, to this day is not known:
 Late did he shine upon the English side;
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
 The whiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
 Either they must be dieted like mules,
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drown'd mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege : why lie we idly here ?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,—
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarm ! we will rush on them.
Now for the honor of the fórlorn French !—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or flee. [Exeunt,

Alarums ; excursions ; afterward a retreat. Re-enter
CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I !—
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !— I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hare-brain'd
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin ? I have news for
him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd :

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offense?
Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand :
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordainèd is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome :
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to
try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :
Question her proudly ; let thy looks be stern :
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*]

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind ;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deign'd to appear to me,
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity :
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this,— thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valor make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a deal old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 Since I have enterèd into these wars.
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 Dispersèd are the glories it included.
 Now am I like that proud-insulting ship
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspirèd with a dove?
 Thou with an eagle art inspirèd, then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverent worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors;
 Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—come, let's away about
 it:—

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *London. Before the gates of the Tower.*

Enter the Duke of GLOSTER, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
 Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates; 'tis Gloster that calls. [Servants knock.]

First Warder. [within] Who's there that knocketh
 so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

Second Warder. [within] Whoe'er he be, you may
 not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [within] The Lord protect him! so
 we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willèd you? or whose will stands but mine?
 There's none protector of the realm but I.—

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[Gloster's Serving-men rush at the Tower-gates.]

Woodville. [*within*]. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Woodville. [*within*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me,—
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector:
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

[*Gloster's Serving-men rush again at the Tower-gates.*]

Enter WINCHESTER, with his Serving-men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursèd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privilegèd place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.— Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry, a rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay? —
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —
Out, tawny-coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER and his Serving-men attack the other party; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs;
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armor here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

May. Naught rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation: —
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. *[reads]* "All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death."

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away: —
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

*[Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Winchester
with their Serving-men.]*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's 'spials have inform'd me
How th' English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd, if I
Could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *[Exit.]*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT, Sir WILLIAM GLANS-DALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner,
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd,
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;

For him was I exchang'd and ransomèd.
But with a baser man-of-arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :
Which I, disdain'g, scorn'd ; and cravèd death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as-I desir'd.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart !
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all :
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame :
My grisly countenance made others fly ;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while ;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd ;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans :
Here, through this secret grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify :
Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate ; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir
Thomas Gargrave fall.*]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!—

Accursèd tower! accursèd fatal hand

That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die whiles—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French."—

Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*]

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—

A holy prophetess new risen up,—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Salisbury lifts himself up and groans.*]

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—

Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent :
 Then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

SCENE V. *Before one of the gates of Orleans.*

Alarums. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, pursuing the Dauphin, drives him in, and exit : then enter

LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them : then re-enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valor, and my force ?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them ;
 A woman clad in armor chaseth them.
 Here, here she comes.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

I'll have a bout with thee ;
 Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :
 Blood will I draw on thee,— thou art a witch,—
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.]

Puc. [retiring] Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
 O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go cheer up thy hunger-starvèd men ;
 Help Salisbury to make his testament :
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[La Pucelle enters the town with Soldiers.]

Tal. My thoughts are whirlèd like a potter's wheel ;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do :
 A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists :
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subduèd slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*]

It will not be:—retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is entered into Orleans,
 In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum; retreat. Exeunt Talbot and Forces.*]

*Flourish. Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES,
 the Bastard of Orleans, REIGNIER, ALENÇON,
 and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colors on the walls;
 Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:—
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honor thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessèd hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
 Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 For which I will divide my crown with her;
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was :
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Ever before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, to the gate, a French Sergeant and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court-of-guard.

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]

Thus are poor servitors —
When others sleep upon their quiet beds —
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a
dead march.

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his
fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell !

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid ! and be so martial !

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armor, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practice and converse with spirits :
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed : I'll to yonder corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying " St. George !
a Talbot !" and all enter the town.*]

Sent. Arm ! arm ! the enemy doth make assault !

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter,
several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON and
REIGNIER, half ready and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ! what, all unready so ?

Bast. Unready ! ay, and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favor him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles : I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend ?

At all times will you have my power alike ?
 Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
 Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?
 Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,
 This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
 That, being captain of the watch to-night,
 Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
 As that whereof I had the government,
 We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
 Within her quarter and mine own precinct
 I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
 About relieving of the sentinels :

Then how or which way should they first break in ?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
 How or which way : 'tis sure they found some place
 But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
 And now there rests no other shift but this,—
 To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
 And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarums. Enter an English Soldier, crying "A Talbot !
 a Talbot !" They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
 The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;
 For I have loaden me with many spoils,
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and
 others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
 And here advance it in the market-place,
 The middle center of this curs'd town.
 Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armèd men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself — as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusty vapors of the night —
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords ! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France ?

Tal. Here is the Talbot : who would speak with him ?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so ? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encountered with.—
You mayn't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me, then ; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd :—
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honors bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will :
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.—
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my
mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Auvergne. Court of the Castle.*

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge ;
And when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account :
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What ! is this the man ?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France ?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes ?
I see report is fabulous and false :
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf !
It cannot be, this weak and writhlèd shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you ;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [Going.]

Count. What means he now ? — Go ask him whither
he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot ; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner ! to whom ?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs :
But now the substance shall endure the like ;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha !

Count. Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall turn
to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practice your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man ?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself :
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity :
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarieties agree ?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*He winds a horn. Drums strike up; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honor'd
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple-garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch ;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth ;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper ;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best ;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye ; —
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparel'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colors ; and, without all color
Of base-insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset ;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected :
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose' side.

Som. Prick not your fingers as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

(Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.)

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. [to *Som.*] Unless my study and my books be
false,

The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding rose,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Som-
erset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by this treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attachèd, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us, by these colors, for thy foes,—
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I forever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so, farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, Pole.—Farewell, ambitious
Richard. [Exit.]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *A room in the Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in in a chair by two*
Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new-halèd from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like agèd, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edward Mortimer:
(These eyes — like lamps whose wasting oil is spent —
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:)
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet — whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay —
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honor and inheritance.
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First. Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despisèd Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against my arm ;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death :
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursèd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,— Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne :
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
Was, for that — young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derivèd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third ; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark : as, in this haughty-great attempt,
They laborèd to plant the rightful heir,

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem :
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death :
Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee gather :
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
Strong-fixèd is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me,— as that slaughterer
doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only, give order for my funeral :
And so, farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war ! [Dies.]

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :—
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honor to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restorèd to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK ; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill ; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster ? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly ;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest ! this place commands my
patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonor'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :
No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree ;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,—
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower ?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.— Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

Glo.

As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not lord protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo.

Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War.

Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. [*aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within, "Down with the tawny-coats!"*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again within, "Stones! stones!"*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones,
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOSTER and
WINCHESTER with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.—
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to't with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgracèd by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

An if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O how this discord doth afflict my soul! —
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield; — yield, Winchester; —
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothèd brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! — the bishop hath a kindly gird. —
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not !

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contráct ! —

Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

First Serv. Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

Sec. Serv.

And so will I.

Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern
affords.

[*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick : — for, sweet
prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right ;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force :
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restorèd to his blood,

War. Let Richard be restorèd to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And faithful service till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my
foot ;

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall !
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York !

Som. [*aside*] Perish base prince, ignoble Duke of
York !

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King Henry
goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except Exeter.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dissension grown betwixt the peers

Burns under feign'd ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like
Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,

Through which our policy must make a breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men

That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,

That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;

Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*]

Guard [within] Qui va là?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France,—
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. [*opening the gates*] Enter, go in; the market-
bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
ground. [*La Pucelle, &c., enter the town.*]

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON,
REIGNIER, and Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch
burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter the town. Exit La Pucelle above.*]

Alarums. *Enter, from the town, TALBOT and English*
Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damnèd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*Exeunt into the town.*]

Alarums ; excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then enter on the walls LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, the Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants ! want ye corn for bread ?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate :
'Twas full of darnel ; — do you like the taste ?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan !
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Puc. What will you do, good graybeard ? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours !
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir ? — yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace ;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*Talbot and the rest whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field ?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang ! — base muleters of France !
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away ! let's get us from the walls ;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks. —
God b' wi' you, my lord ! we came up but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt La Pucelle, &c., from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! —
Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house —
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France —
Either to get the town again or die;
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,—
As sure as in this late-betrayèd town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was burièd,—
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquishèd his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! —
Then be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe! —
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt, into the town, Burgundy, Talbot,
and forces, leaving Bedford and others.*]

*Alarums: excursions; in one of which, enter Sir JOHN
FASTOLFE and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit.]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit into the town.*]

*Retreat: excursions. Re-enter, from the town, LA
PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and
exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.]

Alarums. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honor, Burgundy:
Let heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valor's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amout? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couchèd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The plains near Rouen.*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recoverèd:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence :
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessèd saint :
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpèd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honors shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wishèd end. [*Drums heard.*
Hark ! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance,
TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colors spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

*A French march. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and
his Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his :
Fortune in favor makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley ; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy !

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching
hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !
As looks the mother on her lovely babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France ;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast !
O, turn thy edgèd sword another way ;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore :
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainèd spots.

Bur. [*aside*] Either she hath bewitch'd me with her
words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake ?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive ?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe ?
And was he not in England prisoner ?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return ; return, thou wandering lord ;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. [*aside*] I'm vanquishèd ; these haughty words
of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen !

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace :
My forces and my power of men are yours :—
So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman,— [*Aside*] turn, and turn again !

Char. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers ;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Paris. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, YORK.
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VER-
NON, BASSET, &c. *To them* TALBOT and
some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince,— and honorable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign :
In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven wall'd towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem —
Lies falls his sword before your highness' feet,
[*Kneeling.*

And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord !
When I was young,— as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolv'd of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face :
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except Vernon and Basset.*]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colors that I wear
In honor of my noble Lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st ?

Bas. Yes, sir ; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you ;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. ✕

SCENE I. *Paris. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUR-
FOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, VERNON,
WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of*
Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth !

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him ;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state :
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*]

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

[Presenting it.]

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,— *[Plucks it off.]*
Which I have done,— because unworthily
Thou wast installèd in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away :
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honorable order,
And should — if I were worthy to be judge —
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy
doom !

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight :
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit Fastolfe.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
style? [*Viewing the superscription.*]

No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the King"?

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? — [*Reads*] "I have, upon especial cause,—

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,—

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe,

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with
him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offense it is to flout his friends.)

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favor him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to
speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat; or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him ; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain ?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;
Saying, the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him ;
With other vile and ignominious terms :
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defense of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord :
For though he seem with forgèd quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart,

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick
men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise ! —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace,

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so ! Confounded be your strife !
And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed

With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us? —
And you, my lords,— methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness:— good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favor,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To willful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father;
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose

[*Putting on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais;
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Somerset, Winchester, Suffolk, and Basset.*]

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
 Other affairs must now be manag'd.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon.*]

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favorites,
 But that he doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much when scepters are in children's hands;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.]

Y SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the
 General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
 And thus he would,—Open your city-gates;
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours.

And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well-color'd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.*]

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,—
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mar'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!

If we be English deer, be, then, in blood ;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
 Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord ; and give it out
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot : as he march'd along,
 By your espials were discover'd
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led ;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bour-
 deaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promis'd supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
 Renown'd Talbot doth expect my aid ;
 And I am louted by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier :
 God comfort him in this necessity !
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction :
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honor.

York. O God, that Somerset — who in proud heart
 Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place !
 So should we save a valiant gentleman
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succor to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath.
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
Long all of Somerset and his delay. [*Exit with Forces.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honors, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT'S with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honor
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William ! whither were you sent ?

Lucy. Hither, my lord ; from bought and sold Lord Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions :
And whiles the honorable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in disadvantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succors that should lend him aid,
While he, renownèd noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies ; he might have sent and had the horse :
I owe him little duty, and less love :
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :
Never to England shall he bear his life ;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go ; I will dispatch the horsemen straight ;
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en or slain :
For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then, adieu !

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonor not her honorable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.)
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honor you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be sham'd in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide :
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die ;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A field of battle.*

Alarums : excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight :
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot ? — Pause, and take thy breath ;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son !
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans — that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight — I soon encounter'd,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus, — “ Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy : ” —
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,—
 Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,—
 'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,—
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,—
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side:
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? — mine own is gone; —
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? —
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee: —
 When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clustering battle of the French;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His over-mounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither sky,
 In thy despite, shall scape mortality.—
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favor'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath!
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.—
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.—
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*]

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, the Bastard of Orleans, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
 "Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
 But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
 He answer'd thus, "Young Talbot was not born
 To be the pillage of a giglet wench:"

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight :—
See, where he lies inhearsèd in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald
preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,—
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly-stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain,—the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage, might shoot them at your faces!

O that I could but call these dead to life !
It were enough to fright the realm of France :
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence :
But doubt not from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.—
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein :
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt,

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac ?

Glo. I have, my lord ; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion ?

Glo. Well, my good lord ; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle ; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac — near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France —
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dower.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle ! alas, my years are young !

And fitter is my study and my books
 Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
 Yet, call th' ambassadors ; and, as you please,
 So let them have their answers every one :
 I shall be well content with any choice
 Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, now Cardinal BEAUFORT, and habited accordingly.

Exe. [aside] What ! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
 And call'd unto a cardinal's degree ?
 Then I perceive that will be verified
 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
 " If once he come to be a cardinal,
 He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
 Have been consider'd and debated on.
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;
 And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;
 Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
 Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
 I have inform'd his highness so at large,
 As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. [to the Amb.] In argument and proof of which
 contract,
 Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
 And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
 And safely brought to Dover : where, inshipp'd,
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, and Ambassadors.]

Car. Stay, my lord legate : you shall first receive
 The sum of money which I promis'd
 Should be deliver'd to his holiness
 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. *[Exit.]*

Car. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee :
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, *the* Bastard
of Orleans, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces*
marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits :

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I prithee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there :
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd ; —
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Chas. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before Angiers.*

Alarums : excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts ;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents,—

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise !

[*Thunder.*

Enter Fiends.

This speed and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk about, and speak not.*

O, hold me not with silence over-long !
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress ? — My body shall
Pay recompense, it you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then take my soul,— my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me ! Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumèd crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with :
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA
PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand: LA
PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast :
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape !

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man ;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee !

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue !

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[Gazes on her.]

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly !
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.

[Kissing her hand.]

Who art thou ? say, that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples,—whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]

O, stay !—[Aside] I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :—
Fie, de la Pole ! disable not thyself ;
Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [*aside*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Whyspeak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. [*aside*] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom — yea or no?

Suf. [*aside*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a
wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. [*aside*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling-
card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. [*aside*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [*aside*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*aside*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace establishèd between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain, — are you not at leisure?

Suf. [*aside*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield. —
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. [*aside*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems
a knight,

And will not any way dishonor me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. [*aside*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause —

Mar. [*aside*] Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. I prithee, lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility ;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me ?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen ;
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to —

Mar. What ?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam ; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam,—are ye so content ?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colors forth !—

[*Troops come forward.*]

And, madam, at your father's castle-walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner !

Reig. To whom ?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy ?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :
Consent — and, for thy honor, give consent —
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king ;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks ?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here, my lord, I will expect thy coming.

[*Exit Reignier from the walls.*]

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories :
Command in Anjou what your honor pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king :
What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord,—
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom,— I deliver her ;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king :—

[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.—

I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier : set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord : good wishes, praise, and
prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam : but, hark you, Mar-
garet,—

No princely commendations to my king ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good lord,— a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself : — I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself ! — But, Suffolk, stay ;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art ;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of YORK in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's-heart outright !
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless-cruel death ?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee !

Puc. Decrepit miser ! base ignoble wretch !
I am descended of a gentler blood :
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out ! — My lords, an please you, 'tis not so ;
I did beget her, all the parish knows :
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been, —
Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle !
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh ;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt ! — you have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl,
Wilt thou not stoop ? Now curs'd be the time

Of thy nativity ! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake !
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !
Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab ?
O, burn her, burn her ! hanging is too good. [Exit.
York. Take her away ; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd :
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings ;
Virtuous and holy ; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :
But you,— that art polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceivèd ! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay : — away with her to execution !

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow :
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortenèd.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege : —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend ; the holy maid with child !

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought :
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling :
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, well, go to ; we'll have no bastards live ;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his ;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you :
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence : — with whom I leave my
curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode ;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves !

[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursèd minister of hell !

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring French ;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd? —
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, the Bastard of Orleans, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be inform'd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be, then, a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our king,
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. [*aside to Charles*] My lord, you do not well in
 obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract:
 If once it be neglected, ten to one
 We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*aside to Charles*] To say the truth, it is your
 policy

To save your subjects from such massacre
 And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
 By our proceeding in hostility;
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
 stand?

Char. It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
 In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
 As thou art knight, never to disobey
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,—
 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[*Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.*]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please,
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still;
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK;
 GLOSTER and EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
 Her virtues, gracèd with external gifts,
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
 And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
 So am I driven, by breath of her renown,

Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord,— this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame —
Had I sufficient skill to utter them —
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit :
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honor Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem :

How shall we, then, dispense with that contráct,
And not deface your honor with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offense.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?
Her father is no better than a earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. O, yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joinèd with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king :
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit —
More than in women commonly is seen —
Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaind
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
Agree to any covenants ; and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say : for, till you do return,
I rest perplexèd with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offense :
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[Exit.]

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd ; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[Exit.]

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.	Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
HUMPHREY, duke of Gloster, his uncle.	ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.	JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, two priests.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.	ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjuror.
EDWARD and RICHARD his sons.	THOMAS HORNER, an armorer. PETER, his man.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.	Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Alban's.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.	SAUNDER SIMPCOX, an impostor.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	JACK CADE, a rebel.
LORD CLIFFORD.	GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, &c., his followers.
Young CLIFFORD, his son.	Two Murderers.
EARL OF SALISBURY.	
EARL OF WARWICK.	
LORD SCALES.	
LORD SAY.	
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.	
SIR JOHN STANLEY.	
VAUX.	MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
MATTHEW GOUGH.	ELEANOR, duchess of Gloster.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.	MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch. Wife to Simpcox.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.	

A Spirit.

SCENE — In various parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A room of state in the palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now, upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,—
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fullness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*kneeling*] Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness! [*Flourish.*]

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads*] "*Imprimis*, It is agreed between the
French king Charles, and William de la Pole, marquess
of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England,—
that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret,
daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and
Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the
thirtieth of May next ensuing. *Item*, that the duchy of
Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and de-
livered to the king her father"—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [*reads*] "*Item*, It is further agreed between them,
that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released
and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent
over of the King of England's own proper cost and
charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.— Lord marquess, kneel
down:

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.— Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.— Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favor done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valor, coin, and people, in the wars ?
Did he so often lodge in open field
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got ?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learnèd council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe ?
And was his highness in his infancy
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes ?
And shall these labors and these honors die ?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die ?
O peers of England, shameful is this league !
Fatal this marriage ! canceling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been !

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance ?
For France, 'tis ours ; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can ;
But now it is impossible we should :
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy :—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son ?

War. For grief that they are past recovery :
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
Mort Dieu ?

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honor of this warlike isle !
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives ;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For cost and charges in transporting her !
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before —

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot :
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancor will out : proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied — France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy ;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown :
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts ; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favor him,
Calling him " Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster ; "
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
" Jesu maintain your royal excellence ! "
With " God preserve the good Duke Humphrey ! "
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself ? —
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay ;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal :
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside :
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him :
While these do labor for their own preferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal —
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all —
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal. —
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Have won the greatest favor of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey : —
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline ;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people :—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country !

York. [*aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest
cause.

Sal. Then let's

Make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost,—
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last.
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine,—
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all : what is't to them ?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtesans,
Still reveling, like lords, till all be gone ;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own :
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humor fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S house.*

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favors of the world ?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honors of the world ?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—
What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,

And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office' badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, 'twas by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
There Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honor to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so cholerick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure.

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there, Sir John? nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your high-
ness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions;
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. *[Exit.]*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast : —
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk ;
Yet I do find it so : for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,
Have hirèd me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, — A crafty knave does need no broker ;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands ; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall :
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same. An outer room in the palace.*

Enter PETER, and other Petitioners.

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close : my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man ! Jèsu bless him !

First Petit. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Enter SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool ; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow ! wouldst any thing with me ?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me ; I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. For my lord protector ! Are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : — what is thine ?

First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ! that's some wrong, indeed. — What's yours ? — What's here ! [Reads] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford." — How now, sir knave !

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with Peter.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petitions.*]
Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honor of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head: —
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient : as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beau-
fort

Th' imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York ; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils ;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife :
Strangers in court do take her for the queen :
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty :
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
Contemtuously base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest : and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York,— this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER
Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK,
SOMERSET, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which ;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou? —
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondsmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France —
If they were known, as the suspect is great —
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*]
Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet ; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will ! good king, look to't in time ;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby :
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [Exit.]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :
She's tickled now ; her fury needs no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [Exit.]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country !
But, to the matter that we have in hand : —
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man.
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet :
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride ;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands :
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness ; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Servants, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me, what
are these ?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these,— that Richard duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter : God is my witness, I am
falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. [*holding up his hands*] By these ten bones, my
lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as
we were scouring my Lord of York's armor.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did correct him
for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees
he would be even with me ; I have good witness of this :
therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an
honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law.

Glo. This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge :
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion ;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice :
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so.— My Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake,
pity my case ! The spite of man prevaieth against me.
O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to
fight a blow : O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison ! and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The Duke of GLOSTER'S garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth; — John Southwell, read you; — and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above; and presently HUME.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear,—the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times: Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire; The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl, And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,— That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, etc. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jour. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt: — that I had said and done!

Boling. [*reading out of a paper*] "First of the king:
what shall of him become?"

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answers.*

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.—

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, breaking in with their Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—

What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deep-indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well-guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all:—what call you this?—

[*Showing her the papers.*]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—

Stafford, take her to thee.—

We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.—

Away! [*Exeunt, above, Duchess and Hume, guarded.*]

Exeunt, below, Southwell, Bolingbroke, &c., guarded.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her
well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lord ;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady :
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them,—
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of
York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.— Who's within
there, ho !

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.— Away ! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint Alban's.*

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hallooing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest ! —
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much : he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal,— how think you by that ?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown perémp-
 tory?

Tantane animis cœlestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
 For with such holiness well can you do it.

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
 So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
 An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
 Good queen, and whet not on these furious peers;
 For blessèd are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessèd for the peace I make,
 Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere
 come to that!

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for
 the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep:
 an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
 Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
 We had had more sport.—[*Aside to Glo.*] Come with
 thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Are ye advis'd? — the east side of
 the grove?

Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
 [*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave
 your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] *Medice, teipsum;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying "A
miracle!"*

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the MAYOR of Saint Alban's and his brethren;
and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons
in a chair, his Wife and a multi-
tude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters: — bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife.

Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman's this?

Wife.

His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to
thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,—
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colors we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colors; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My master of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. How fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry, "A miracle!"*]

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

[*Aside to Gloster*] This news, I think, hath turned your
weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave t' afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honor and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonor'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:

To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The Duke of YORK's garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin : an if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales ;
The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence ; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York ;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster ;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father ;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king ;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret,— where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the very truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence,—from whose
line

I claim the crown,—had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March :
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March ;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge ; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
To Roger Earl of March ; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence :
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this ?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son ; while York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign :
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together ;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honor of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king !

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days :
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey :
'Tis that they seek ; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off ; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife :

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great :
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
[To Jourdain, &c.] You four, from hence to prison back
again ;

From thence unto the place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoilèd of your honor in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment ; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judgèd thee :
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt the Duchess and the other prisoners, guarded.
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !—
Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster : ere thou go,
Give up thy staff : Henry will to himself
Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet :
And go in peace, Humphrey,—no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's helm !—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff ! here, noble Henry, is my staff :
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine ;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king, when I am dead and gone,
May honorable peace attend thy throne ! [Exit.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen ;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off ;
This staff of honor raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays ;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.— Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat ;
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armorer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit :
Here let them end it ; and God defend the right !

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter on one side, HORNER, bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it, and a drum before him ; and accompanied by his Neighbors, who drink to him so much that he becomes drunk : enter, on the other side, PETER, with a similar staff and a drum ; and accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack : and fear not, neighbor, you shall do well enough.

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbor, here's a cup of charneco.

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbor : drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all ; and a fig for Peter.

First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee : and be not afraid.

—Sec. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master : fight for credit of the prentices.]

Peter. I thank you all ; drink, and pray for me, I pray you ; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron ; — and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer : — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God ! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leaye your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name ?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter ! what more ?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump ! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man ; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen : and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow !

York. Dispatch : —this knave's tongue begins to double.—Sound, trumpets, 'larum to the combatants !

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down Horner.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold ! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.— Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right !

K. Hen. Go and take hence that traitor from our sight ;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt :—

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought t' have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;

And after summer evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful-nipping cold :

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—

Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people gazing on thy face

With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and

a taper burning in her hand ; Sir JOHN

STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives ; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advisèd how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power
All these could not procure me any scathe,

So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.— Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:— and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission
stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your
grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloster and Servants.]

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,—
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

Sennet. Enter, to the Parliament, King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUF-
FOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars,—
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.—
My lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,—
As, next the king, he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,—
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offenses done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-
phrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once:—the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise ; but — shall I speak my conscience ? —
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove :
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance !

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposèd as the hateful raven :
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit ?
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from
France ?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset : but God's will be
done !

York. [*aside*] Cold news for me ; for I had hope of
France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away ;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest :
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :)
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay ;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? what are they that think it ?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England !
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day !
No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispurs'd to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God !

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect :
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancor's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness :
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And doggèd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life :—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavor have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy :—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had subornèd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose, indeed ;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false !
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body!
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Gloster in their custody.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best
Do or undo, as if yourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,—
For what's more miserable than discontent?—

Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honor, truth, and loyalty!

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What luring star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:

And as the butcher takes away the calf,

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;

Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case

With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good,—

So mighty are his vow'd enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and twixt each groan,

Say, "Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none."

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,

Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a color for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labor still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. [*aside*] 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls.—
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant :
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,—
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : and now we three have spoken it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick-expedient stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither :
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. Nô, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonor home
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charáctér'd on thy skin :
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
No more, good York ; — sweet Somerset, be still : —
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught ? nay, then, a shame
take all !

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen;
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
While I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all except York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death,—it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbor in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
thought;

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the laboring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies:
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And for a minister of my intent
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and torturèd,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive,— as 'tis great like he will,—
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap'd the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! — What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publishèd.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me
much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king
is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine
eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again : — madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry, comfort !

K. Hen. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me ?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound ?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words :
Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding : —
Yet do not go away : — come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy, —
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus ?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death :
And for myself, — foe as he was to me, —
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me ?
For it is known we were but hollow friends,
It may be judg'd I made the duke away ;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded
And princes' courts be filled with my reproach.
This get I by his death : ay me, unhappy !
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy !

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?
I am no loathsome leper, — look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy fórlorn queen,
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow toward England's blessèd shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land:—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishèd coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?

Ay me, I can no more ! die, Margaret !
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY
The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true ;
But how he died God knows, not Henry :
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege.— Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[Warwick goes into an inner chamber.— Salisbury retires to the Commons at the door.

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts,—
My thoughts, that labor to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
For judgment only doth belong to thee,
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

[The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and Gloster is discovered dead in his bed ; Warwick and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made ;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face:
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the laboring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's
foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? — where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? — where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scourgèd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge: —
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, — with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity. /

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was grafted with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st, —
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy, though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd-up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords ! your wrathful weapons drawn,

Here in our presence ! dare you be so bold ? —

Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here ?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*to the Commons at the door*] Sirs, stand apart ;
the king shall know your mind.—

[*He comes forward.*

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death
Or banish'd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died ;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty —
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking —
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with fork'd tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd ;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal :
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, wh'er you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
With whose envenom'd and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [within] An answer from the king, my Lord
of Salisbury !

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign :
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are :
But all the honor Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [within] An answer from the king, or we
will all break in !

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care ;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means :
And therefore,—by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk !

No more, I say : if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all except Queen Margaret and Suffolk.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you !
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
And even now my burdened heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort full !
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;

And these dread curses — like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overchargèd gun — recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O,
Let me entreat thee, cease ! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee !
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;

'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banishèd myself :
 And banishèd I am ; if but from thee.
 Go ; speak not to me ; even now be gone.—
 O, go not yet !— Even thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Lother a hundred times to part than die.
 Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd,—
 Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world ;
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more :—live thou to joy thy life ;
 Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

—Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news, I
 prithee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
 That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
 Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his overchargèd soul :
 And I am sent to tell his majesty
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux.*]

Ay me ! what is this world ! what news are these !
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—
 Their's for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows ?

Now get thee hence : the king, thou know'st, is coming ; —
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips :
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest ;
From thee to die were torture more than death :
O, let me stay, befall what may befall !

Mar. Away !
Though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applièd to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk : let me hear from thee,
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart along with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *London.* Cardinal BEAUFORT'S bedchamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and
others. *The Cardinal in bed ; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord ? speak, Beaufort, to thy
sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible !

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whèr they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul! —
Give me some drink; and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy-meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be! —
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign: — O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Kent. The seashore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolor'd shore.—
 Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
 And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:—
 The other [*pointing to Suffolk*], Walter Whitmore, is
 thy share.

— *First Gent.* What is my ransom, master, let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
 Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—
 The lives of those which we have lost in fight
 Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 [*To Suf.*] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
 And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George,—I am a gentleman:
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
 How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 And told me that by *water* I should die:
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
 Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not:
 Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name,
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on Suffolk.*]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
 The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honorable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my footcloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding-lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pole! Sir Pole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;

The false revolting Normans thorough thee
 Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
 And now the house of York — thrust from the crown
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king
 And lofty proud-encroaching tyranny —
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colors
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms :
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Are crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee.— Away ! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
 Small things make base men proud : this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives :/

It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage and not remorse in me :
 I go of message from the queen to France ;
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus* :—it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favor.
 Far be it we should honor such as these
 With humble suit : no, rather let my head
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heaven and to my king ;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to this vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and led him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile besonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all except the First Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. - [Exit.]

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit with the body.*]

SCENE II. *Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a
lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon
it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I
say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen
came up.

Geo. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handi-
crafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons. '†

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good work-
men.

John. True; and yet it is said,—labor in thy vocation; which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be laboring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,—

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us,—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick [*aside*] He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick [*aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick [*aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith [*aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore I am of an honorable house.

Dick [*aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable; and there was he born, under a hedge,—for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith [*aside*] 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick [*aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick [*aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheap-side shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king,—as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. 'Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel. *

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters : — 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed : away with him ! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say ! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself : he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now have at him !

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM his brother, with drum and Forces.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down ; Home to your cottages, forsake this groom : — The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward ; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not : It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer ; And thou thyself a shearman, — art thou not ?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this : — Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter,— did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore
deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught
you this.

Cade [*aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.
Go to, sirrah, tell the king for me, that, for his father's
sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-
counter for French crowns, I am content that he shall
reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's
head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England
mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance
holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say
hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch:
and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore
he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can:— the Frenchmen are
our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this,— can he that
speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsel-
lor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends

May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors : —
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords and Forces.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men ; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon ;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would — but that they dare not — take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. *The two parties enter and fight, and both the
STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
slaughter-house : therefore thus will I reward thee, — the
Lent shall be as long again as it is ; and thou shalt have
a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a week.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.
This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on
part of Sir H. Stafford's armor*] ; and the bodies shall
be dragged at my horse's heels till I do come to London,
where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. — Come, let's
march towards London. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication ; the Duke
of BUCKINGHAM and Lord SAY with him : at some
distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over
SUFFOLK'S head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate ;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebel's supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam!
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd !

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee ;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger ;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes ;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge ;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses :
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord : away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret ; God, our hope, will succor
us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. [*to Lord Say*] Farewell, my lord : trust not
the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower.*

*Enter Lord SCALES and others, on the walls. Then
enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now ! is Jack Cade slain ?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they
have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand
them : the lord mayor craves aid of your honor from the
Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command ;
But I am troubled here with them myself,—
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough :
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Cannon-street.*

Enter CADE and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this,—'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Here me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle :
Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches ;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
Which make me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy ;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favor have I always done ;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you ?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learnèd clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king :
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, *
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me :
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struckest thou one blow in the field ?

Say. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I
struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind
folks ?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make
'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the
help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

Say. It is the palsy, and not fear provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be
even with you : I'll see if his head will stand steadier on
a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most ?
Have I affected wealth or honor,— speak ?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death ?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harboring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words;
but I'll bridle it: he shall die, and it be but for pleading
so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar
under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go,
take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently;
and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James
Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both up-
on two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on
his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not
a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-
head ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite*;
and we charge and command that their wives be as free
as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and
take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his
Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one an-
other, for they loved well when they were alive. Now
part them again, lest they consult about the giving-up of
some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of
the city until night: for with these borne before us, in-
stead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at
every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Southwark.*

Alarums. Enter CADE and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'-corner!
Kill and knock down! throw them into the Thames!—

[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

O. Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you; Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his majesty!" Who hateth him, and honors not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade! we'll follow Cade!

O. Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us. Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquishèd, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying "Viliaco!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
Spare England, for it is your native coast :
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! We'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. [*aside*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude ? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me : my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you ! and heavens and honor be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treason, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled ? Go some, and follow him :
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers : we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Killingworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I ?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old :
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty !

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd ?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong ?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S followers, with halters about their necks.

O. Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield ;

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise ! —
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country :
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland ;
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of savage gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array ;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
distress'd ;

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate :
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
And now is York in arms to second him. —
I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet him ;
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ; —
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better ;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *Kent.* IDEN's garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition ! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days have I hid me in these woods ; and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me ; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was born to do me good : for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill ; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants behind.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning ;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy :
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleasèd from my gate.

Cade. [*aside*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him ! but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not ; why, then, should I betray thee ?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was
broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I
have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy
five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-
nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks;
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
But as for words,— whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valor, the most complete champion that
ever I heard! — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not
out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou
sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God, on my knees, thou
mayst be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*]
O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me:
let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all
that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul
of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead;
Ne'er shall this blood be wipèd from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honor that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and ex-
hort all the world to be cowards,— for I, that never feared
any, am vanquished by famine, not by valor. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damnèd wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
 And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
 Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt Iden, dragging out the body, and Servants.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended with drum and colors; his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
 To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule;

This hand was made to handle naught but gold.

I cannot give due action to my words,

Except a sword or scepter balance it:

A scepter shall it have,—have I a soul,—

On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[*Aside*] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege

To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why thou, being a subject as I am,

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave.

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great :

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms ;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !
I am far better-born than is the king ;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while ;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honor, is he prisoner ?

Buck. Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love ;
I'll send them all as willing as I live :
Lands, goods, horse, armor, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission :
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend not harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost
bring ?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just
art thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.—
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Iden, rise
up a knight. [*He rises.*]

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the
queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place : by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor ! — I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown :
Obey, audacious traitor ; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of
these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail : [*Exit an Attendant.*]
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford ; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail ; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys !
See where they come : I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Enter, on one side, EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces ; on the other, old CLIFFORD and his Son, with Forces also.

O. Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king !

[*Kneels.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford : say, what news with
thee ?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

O. Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do : —
To Bedlam with you ! is the man grown mad ?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

O. Clif. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey ;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons ?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

O. Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so :

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs : [dant.

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me. [Exit an Atten-

Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY with Forces.

O. Clif. Are these thy bears ? we'll bait thy bears to
death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;

Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried :

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

O. Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crookèd in thy manners as thy shape !

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

O. Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-
selves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
bow ? —

Old Salisbury,— shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son ! —

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ? —

O, where is faith ? O, where is loyalty ?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbor in the earth ? —

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And stain thine honorable age with blood ?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience ?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it ?
For shame ! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renown'd duke ;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me ?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an
oath ?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin ;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right ;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

O. Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove
true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

O. Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—
As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

O. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst
tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

[*Enter YORK.*]

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

[*Enter old CLIFFORD.*]

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit.]

O. Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

O. Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and es-
teem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

O. Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

O. Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and O. Clifford falls and dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.]

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly:

/ He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valor.—O, let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his father's body.*]

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and wax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.—

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :

[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET *fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there ; —
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death. —
Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums : excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord ! you're slow ; for shame,
away !

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret
stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you'll nor fight nor
fly :

Nor is it manhood, wisdom, and defense,
To give the enemy way ; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes : but if we haply scape, —
As well we may, if not through your neglect, —
We shall to London get : where you are lov'd ;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly :
But fly you must ; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present part.
Away, for your relief ! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give :
Away, my lord, away !

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him,—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.— I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternized in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

THE THIRD PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.	LORD STAFFORD.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.	SIR JOHN MORTIMER.
LOUIS IX. King of France.	SIR HUGH MORTIMER.
DUKE OF SOMERSET.	} uncles to the Duke of York.
DUKE OF EXETER.	
EARL OF OXFORD.	HENRY, earl of Richmond, a youth.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.	LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.	SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
LORD CLIFFORD.	SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.	SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
EDWARD, earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,	Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
EDMUND, earl of Rutland,	Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
GEORGE, afterwards duke of Clarence,	} his sons. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his father. A Father that has killed his son.
RICHARD, afterwards duke of Gloster,	
DUKE OF NORFOLK.	
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.	QUEEN MARGARET.
EARL OF WARWICK.	LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.	BONA, sister to the French Queen.
LORD HASTINGS.	

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE — *During part of the third act in France ; during the rest of the play in England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

*Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in.
Then enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others,
with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous ;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont. *[to York, showing his]* And, brother, here's the
Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.— Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk :—stay by me, my lords ;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council :
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares : —
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUM-
BERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others,
with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike he means —
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer —
T'aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;
And thine, Lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd
revenge

On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down :
My heart for anger burns ; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he :
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin : be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favors them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I'm thine.

Exe. For chame, come down: he made thee Duke of
York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those who chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colors spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember 't to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenct, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
lose.—

Tear the crown, father, from th' usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. [to York] Good brother, as thou lov'st and hon-
or'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand caviling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colors — often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow —

Shall be my winding sheet.— Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [aside] I know not what to say; my title's
weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. [*aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent —
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud —
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defense:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown. —
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word: —
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,

Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War.

Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may: — I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs forever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honor me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry! — Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes:

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norfolk. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

[*Going.*

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.*

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of Wales.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet
son:—

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be
forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulcher,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environ'd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honor:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee
gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield,
in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us,—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, an oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
 Before a true and lawful magistrate,
 That hath authority o'er him that swears :
 Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
 Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
 Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
 Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
 Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest
 Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.—
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
 And whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—
 Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent.—
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
 In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay : what news ?—Why com'st thou in such
 post ?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and
 lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with the sword. What ! think'st thou that
 we fear them ?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—
 My brother Montague shall post to London :
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You're come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the
field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success? *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursèd duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is't fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look !
 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die ! —
 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath :
 Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
 Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again :
 He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
 Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
 No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
 It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
 And till I root out their accursed line,
 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
 Therefore —

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death ! —
 To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
 Thou hast one son, — for his sake pity me ;
 Lest in revenge thereof, — sith God is just, —
 He be as miserably slain as I.
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
 And when I give occasion of offense,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause !

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*]

Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !* [*Dies.*]

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the plains near Sandal
 Castle.*

Alarums. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;

And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind, }
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starvèd wolves.
 My sons,— God knows what hath bechancèd them.
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
 And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
 And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
 A scepter, or an earthly sepulcher!"
 With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
 We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labor swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum with drums]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 The sands are number'd that make up my life;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBER-
 LAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,— rough Northumberland,—
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
 Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix', may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge upon you all;
 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
 Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;

So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honor him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valor. /

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him
now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumber-
land,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revel'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
 A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him:—
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—
 But how is it that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—
 Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
 France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
 But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
 less.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
/ That beggars mounted run their horse' to death. /
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide,
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[Giving back the handkerchief.]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my toes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!" —
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
[Giving back the paper crown.]

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit :
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about ;

And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.
 Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 So far'd our father with his enemies;
 So fled his enemies my warlike father:
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.—
 See how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
 Not separated with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
 I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I
 speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
 Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
 Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environ'd he was with many foes;
 And stood against them as the hope of Troy

Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.)
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.

War. How, now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O, Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,
Who thunders to his captives, "Blood and death,"
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we, in them, no hope to win the day ;
So that we fled ; the king unto the queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?
And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power ;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :
Oft have I heard his praises, in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick ; blame me not :
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrollèd in the parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, "Charge! upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George
for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors: let's away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before York.*

Flourish. *Enter* King HENRY, Queen MARGARET,
the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTH-
UMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wreck:—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—

Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defense?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

My careless father fondly gave away?"

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are
nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,— draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defense:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

March. *Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent :
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too :
Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? — O, I cannot speak !

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown ?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick ! dare
you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you
stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently. —

Break off the parle ; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, — call'st thou him a child ?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear
me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue :

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword :
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For York in justice puts his armor on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam ;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop ;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day ;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the ax to thy usurping root ;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
 Sound trumpets ! — let our bloody colors wave ! —
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay :
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A field of battle between Towton and
 Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

Alarums : excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord ! what hap ? what hope of
 good ?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us :
 What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight, — they follow us with wings ;
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;
 And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
 " Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death ! "

So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine ! —
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings, —
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that the brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul ! —
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; — and, gentle War-
wick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay ;
And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors ware at the Olympian games :
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
For yet is hope of life and victory. —
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [Excunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,

And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee !

[*They fight. Warwick enters ; Clifford flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt,

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;

How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times,—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold, it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarums. Enter a Son that has killed his father, bringing in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody,
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd of some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.—

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the dead body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colors of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woeful chances
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher,—
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums: excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince
of WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; toward Berwick post
again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
 More than my body's parting with my soul!
 My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;
 And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts.
 Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
 The common people swarm like summer flies;
 And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
 And who shine now but Henry's enemies?
 O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
 That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
 Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?—
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast. [*Faints.*]

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us
 pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is : and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there;
Instead whereof let his supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answerèd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal-threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Soldiers bring the body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee? —
Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth :
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland ; I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford : swear as thou wast
wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownèd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen;
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.
First I will see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:— Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honors in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A chase in the north of England.*

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;

For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's
fee:

This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon
him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward: if this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him;

For she's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger wilt be mild whiles she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear and see her complaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and that's enough.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.
 But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
 And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
 If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
 This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
 His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
 Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,
 Because in quarrel of the house of York
 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
 It were dishonor to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [aside to *Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
 Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [aside to *Glo.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [aside to *Clar.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
 And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May't please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [aside.] Ay, widow? then, I'll warrant you all your
lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [aside to Glo.] I fear her not, unless she chance
to fall.

Glo. [aside to Clar.] God forbid that! for he'll take
vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell
me.

Clar. [aside to Glo.] I think he means to beg a child of
her.

Glo. [aside to Clar.] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather
give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [aside] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's
lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [aside] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have
leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Retires with Clarence.]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them
good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness'
service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace com-
mands.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard ; and much rain
wears the marble.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] As red as fire ! nay, then her wax
must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord ? shall I not hear my
task ?

K. Edw. An easy task ; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give
thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The match is made ; she seals it
with a court'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get ?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my
prayers ;

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's
lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness robs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit :

Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request ;

No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she
knits her brows.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christ-
endom.

K. Edw. [*aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call
you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done
his shift.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] When he was made a shriver,
'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along:—lords, use her honorably.

[*Exeunt all except Gloster.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honorably.—

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me—

The lustful Edward's title burièd—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities.—

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;

To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
 O monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought!
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
 Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,
 Be round impalèd with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I — like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out —
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
 And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
 I can add colors to the chameleon;
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *France. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter LOUIS the French king, and Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lou. [rising] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France : now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days :
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonor laid me on the ground ;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.

K. Lou. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this *&c.* *sp*
despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck

[*Seats her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;

While proud ambitious Edward duke of York

Usurps the regal title and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,—

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,—

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done :

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lou. Renownèd queen, with patience calm the
storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou. The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lou. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lou. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.]

Q. Mar. [aside] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeignèd love,—

First, to do greetings to thy royal person;

And then to crave a league of amity;

And lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [to Bona] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favor,

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Louis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

But from deceit bred by necessity;

For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—

That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,

Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.

Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not!

[Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.]

K. Lou. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

K. Lou. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lou. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lou. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—

[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lou. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make;
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promis'd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
 You have a father able to maintain you ;
 And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick !
 peace,

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
 I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
 Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love ;
 For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*to War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are
 for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague : —

[*To Louis*] These from our king unto your majesty : —

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you ; from whom
 I know not. [*They all read their letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were
 nettled :

I hope all's for the best.

K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news? — and yours,
 • fair queen ?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou. What ! has your king married the Lady Grey ?
 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?
 Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France ?
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's, —
 No more my king, for he dishonors me,
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.
 Did I forget that by the house of York
 My father came untimely to his death ?

Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?
 Did I put Henry from his native right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honor:
 And, to repair my honor lost for him,
 I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
 love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
 That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him:
 And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
 He's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton lust than honor,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd
 But by thy help to this distressèd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lou. And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:
 Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
 And tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
 That Louis of France is sending over maskers
 To revel it with him and his new bride:
 Thou seest what's past,—go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
 I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward [*Giving a purse*]: be gone.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

K. Lou. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join my eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*Gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lou. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be
levied;
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all except Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.**Enter* GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.*Flourish. Enter* KING EDWARD, *attended*; Lady GREY, *as Queen*; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Louis of France or th' Earl of Warwick;Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offense at our abuse.*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offense without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.*Glo.* Ay, and shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?*Glo.* Not I:No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion,— that King Louis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him,
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonor'd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king.
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey!
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [aside] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning-weeds
are done,
And I am ready to put armor on."

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay gracious sovereign ; they're so link'd in friendship,
 That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder ; Clarence will have the younger.
 Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
 You that love me and Warwick follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

Glo. [*aside*] Not I :
 My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
 Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
 And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
 Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
 Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
 They are already, or quickly will be, landed :
 Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
 Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance :
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?
 If it be so, then both depart to him ;
 I rather wish you foes than hollow friends :
 But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so ! then am I sure of victory.
 Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,
 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.—
But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords,— are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset:— I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feign'd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, "Henry!"*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take
his stand:

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn
vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the
day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chief-
est friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the
king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

Second Watch. 'Tis the more honor, because more
dangerous.

Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quiet-
ness ;
I like it better than a dangerous honor.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his pas-
sage,

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal
tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and
Forces.*

War. This is his tent ; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters ! honor now or never !
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest !

[*Warwick and the rest cry, "Warwick !
Warwick !" and set upon the Guard
who fly, crying, "Arm ! arm !" Warwick
and the rest following them.*

*Drums beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter WAR-
WICK and the rest, bringing the King out in his
gown, sitting in a chair.*

GLOSTER and HASTINGS are seen flying.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings : let them go ; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke ! Why, Warwick, when we parted last

Thou call'dst me king.

War.

Ay, but the case is alter'd :

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors ;

Nor how to be contented with one wife ;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king :

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king :

[Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow.—

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer

Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. [What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.]

[Exit, led out ; Somerset with him.]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,

To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *London. A room in the palace.**Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.**Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?*Riv.* What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.*Riv.* Then, is my sovereign slain?*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief.
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.*Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick, then become?*Q. Eliz.* I am informèd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advèrtis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the color of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen
stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to
Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my mean-
ing.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go
along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's
frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incagèd birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessèd land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands :

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government :
I make you both protectors of this land ;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will ?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent ;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content :
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place ;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honor and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else ? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat — for I command no more —
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed ;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.— If secret
powers

[*Lays his hand on his head.*]

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter ; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escapèd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavory news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all except Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be passed of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Before York.*

Flourish. *Enter* King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and
the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast.— Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within. |

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. |

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must not be
shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. *Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succor you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning,

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
claim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*reads*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of
God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,
&c."

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery ; — and thanks
unto you all :

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbor here in York ;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates ;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier. —
Ah, froward Clarence ! how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick. —
Come on, brave soldiers : doubt not of the day ;
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *London. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. †

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muster up : — and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee : —
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st : —
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs, —
Shall rest in London till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; — and so, I take my leave.

Oxf. [*kissing Henry's hand*] And thus I seal my truth,
and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt War., Clar., Oxf., and Mont.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me
fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dryed their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, "A York! A York!"*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
hence;

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

The sun shines hot ; and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares :
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford ? —

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague ? —

Where is the post that came from Montague ?

Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son ?
And, by thy guess, how near is Clarence now ?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand ; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord ; here Southam lies :
The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be ? belike, unlook'd for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[*Enters the city.*

March : flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall !

War. O unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair ?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's
gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast.
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel
down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy
friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
“Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”

Enter OXFORD, with Forces, drum, and colors.

War. O cheerful colors! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defense,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Forces, drum, and colors.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Forces, drum, and colors.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and colors.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love! —
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
 As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ;—
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more and ten times more
 belov'd

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence ; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust !

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
 and fight ?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defense !

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
 way.—

Lords, to the field ; Saint George and victory !

[*Exeunt King Edward and his Company,
 marching. Warwick and his Com-
 pany descend from the walls, and fol-
 low them.*]

SCENE II. A field of battle near Barnet.

*Alarums and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bring-
 ing in WARWICK wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our fear ;
 For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—

Now, Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh ? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick ?

Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
 These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasons of the world:
 The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchers;
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our loss again:
 The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
 Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then, I would not fly.— Ah, Montague,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood,
 That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
 And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
 And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."
 And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
 Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
 That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
 I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
 "O, farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul! — Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
 [*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
Thy very beams will dry those vapors up ;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury :
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way ;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum ; cry, " Courage ! " and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still : is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skillful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim,—alas, 'tis but awhile!
Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him naked foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual shame.—

O brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset ; — sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords ; for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd ; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-
ness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance, King
EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say

My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this : — Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancel'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both armies.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the same.*

Alarums: excursions: and afterwards a retreat.
Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD,
and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick? —
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
rather.

K. Edw. Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty ; you are all undutiful :
Lascivious Edward, — and thou, perjur'd George, —
And thou, mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are ; —
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. —

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou ? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too !

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold ; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words ?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon ? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother ;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter :

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What ? what ?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower !

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned ! speak to thy mother, boy !

Canst thou not speak ? — O traitors ! murderers ! —

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it :

He was a man ; this, in respect, a child, —

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it ?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak : —

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst, —

Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !

You have no children, butchers ! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse :

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince !

K. Edw. Away with her ; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here ;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death :

What, wilt thou not ? — then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself :

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not ? — Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favor'd Richard ? — Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here : murder is thy alms-deed ;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince !
[*Exit, led out.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence : discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares,—

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard ?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord :—my lord, I should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter ; "good" was little better :

"Good Gloster" and "good devil" were alike,

And both preposterous ; therefore, not "good lord."

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf ;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush :
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl !
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words !
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come ? is't for my life ?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art :
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,— that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye —
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,— an evil sign ;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees ;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,—
An indigested and deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world :

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st —

Glo. I'll hear no more : — die, prophet, in thy speech :
[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughtered after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies.]

Glo. What, will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house ! —
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee hither, —
[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. —
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cried,
" O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !"
And so I was ; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother ;
And this word " love," which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me : I am myself alone. —
Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light :
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone :
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;
Counting myself but bad till I be best. —
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen ELIZABETH, a Nurse with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throe,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them,
The two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armors watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France,
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan.	PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.
ANTONIO.	Host.
PROTEUS, his son. V	Outlaws.
VALENTINE.	
THURIO.	
EGLAMOUR.	SYLVIA, daughter to the Duke.
SPEED, servant to Valentine.	JULIA.
LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.	LUCETTA, her waiting-woman.
Servants,	Musicians.

SCENE—*In Verona; in Milan; and in a forest near Milan.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place in the city.*

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
 / Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. /
 Were't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love;
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro.

What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquish'd.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yok'd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu ! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you ! Saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away. !

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd,
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I
wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep
the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my master seeks
not me : therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the
shepherd for food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages

followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee : therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir : I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton ; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake ; I mean the pound,— a pinfeld.

Speed. From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she ?

Speed [*nodding.*] Ay.

Pro. Nod, Ay ?— why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir ; I say, she did nod : and you ask me if she did nod ; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together is — noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no ; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly ; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief ; what said she ?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains [*Giving him money.*] What said she ?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her ?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter :

and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones ; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing ?

Speed. No, not so much as " Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me ; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself : and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck, Which cannot perish having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a dryer death on shore. [*Exit Speed.*]
I must go send some better messenger :
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The garden of JULIA'S house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love ?

Luc. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow-simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

Luc. Well of his wealth ; but of himself, so-so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam : 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus,— of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small,

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O; they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam. [Gives a letter.

Jul. [reads] " To Julia."— Say, from whom ?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you ; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it : pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !

Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper : see it be return'd ;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter :

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view,—

Since maids, in modesty, say " No " to that

Which they would have the profferer construe " Ay " !

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here !

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song [*Taking the letter*]. How
now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*]

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange ; but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ — "kind Julia : " — unkind Julia !

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ — "love-wounded Proteus : " —

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was " Proteus " written down : —

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea ! —

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ, —

" Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,

To the sweet Julia : " — that I'll tear away ; —

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.

Thus will I fold them one upon another :

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come ; will't please you go ? [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.* A room in ANTONIO'S house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him ?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home
While other men, of slender reputation;
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
Some to discover islands far away ;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet ;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither :

There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily gracèd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino : you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;

And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth

Th' uncertain glory of an April day,

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away !]

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you :

He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is,— my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. [*picking up a glove*] Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but
one.

Val. Ha, let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine : —
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !

Ah, Silvia, Silvia !

Speed. [*calling*] Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia !

Val. How now, sirrah !

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir : do you know Madam Silvia ?

Speed. She that your worship loves ?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love ?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks : first, you have
learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a

malcontent ; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam : to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money : and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me ?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me ! they cannot.

Speed. Without you ! nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would : but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia ?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper ?

Val. Hast thou observed that ? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard favor'd, sir ?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know ?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favored.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted ? and how out of count ?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me ? I account of her beauty,

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed ?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her ; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why ?

Speed. Because Love is blind. / O, that you had mine eyes ; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered !

Val. What should I see then ?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity : for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose ; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love ; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir ; I was in love with my bed : I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set ; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you ?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace ! here she comes.

Speed. [*aside*] O excellent motion ! O exceeding puppet ! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*aside*] O, give ye good even ! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours ;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*]

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant : 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off ;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains ?

Val. No, madam ; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much :
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period ! Well, I guess the sequel ;
And yet I will not name't ; — and yet I care not ; —
And yet take this again ; — and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*aside*] And yet you will ; and yet another "yet."

Val. What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

Sil. Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly writ :
But since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*]

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over :
And if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam ! what then ?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor :
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !
My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the
letter ?

Val. How now, sir ! what are you reasoning with your-
self ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming : 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To yourself : why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind
discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—Why
muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon
Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by
my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like
your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Verona. The garden of JULIA'S house.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Gives him a ring.]

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you
this. [Gives her another.]

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
Julia, farewell!

[Exit Julia.]

What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Por. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so,—it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing!" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that the shoe could speak now like

a wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In my tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not ?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not ?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly ?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How !

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio ! do you change color ?

Val. Give him leave, madam ; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir ; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers,—for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more :—here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news ?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son ?

Val. Ay, my good lord ; a son that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well ?

Val. I know him as myself ; for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together :
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
His years but young, but his experience old ;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir ; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates ;
And here he means to spend his time awhile :
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth ;
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it :
I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind ; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself :
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.

Enter PROTEUS.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus ! — Mistress, I beseech
you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability : —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed :
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would speak with
you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go you with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome :
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* Silvia and Thurio.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much com-
mended.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you :
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.
I have done penance for contemning Love :
Those high-imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth !
Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her : if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus : all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy. /

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay,

And we're betroth'd : nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of ; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted and greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend on you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[*Exeunt Valentine and Speed.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?
She's fair ; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,

And that I love him not as I was wont :
O, but I love his lady too-too much ;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her !
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will ;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

✓ SCENE V. *The same. A street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.

Speed. Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan !

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone till he be hanged ; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, " Welcome."

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia ?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him ?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then ? shall he marry her ?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken ?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them ?

Launce. Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not !
My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest ?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too : look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog : if he say ay, it will ; if he say no, it will ; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee ; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so ; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn ;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury :
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear :
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun :
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit that wants resolv'd will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,—
For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself ;
And Silvia — witness Heaven, that made her fair!--
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead ;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;
Myself in counsel his competitor :
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight ;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter :
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Verona. A room in JULIA'S house.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me ;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charáctér'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long !

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;

Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wide ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as — "Tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale? "

Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaïd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer star did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace.**Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thurio.*]
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;
But when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretense.

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter ; stay with me awhile ;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents
her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here? — "*To Silvia!*"

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads.]

"My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbor where their lord would be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaëthon,—for thou art Merops' son,—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favors

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. *Exit.*
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho, so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on 's
head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.— Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them. /

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !—
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me !—
What is your news ?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are van-
ished.

Pro. That thou art banishèd — O, that's the news !—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom —
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they wax'd pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life :
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. /
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
(Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts. /
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence ;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate :
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out.— Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia !— Hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love ; yet I am in love ; but a team of horse' shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love ; and yet 'tis a woman ; but what woman, I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milkmaid ; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips ; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,— which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cate-log of her conditions. [*Reads*] “ Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.” Why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a jade. “ Item, She can milk ; ” look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce ! what news with your mastership ?

Launce. With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper ?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*reads*] "Imprimis, She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item, She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. "Item, She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. "Item, She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "Item, She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. "Item, She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item, She don't talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item, She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices ! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue ; I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "Item, She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too ; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item, She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "Item, She is curst."

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "Item, She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of ; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut : now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be : I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt ; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next ?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That's monstrous : O, that that were out !

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then ?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me !

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [Exit.]

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter, — an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter Duke and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. [This weak impress of love is as a figure Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.]

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee — For thou hast shown some sign of good desert — Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me ;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
When you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity :
(For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort ; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump : the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music :
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. V

SCENE I. A forest near Milan.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with
'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have
about ye ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. O, sir, we are undone ! these are the villains
That all the travelers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

First Out. That's not so, sir, — we are your enemies.

Sec. Out. Peace ! we'll hear him.

Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we ;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose :
A man I am cross'd with adversity :
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

Sec. Out. Whither travel you ?

Val. To Verona.

First Out. Whence come you ?

Val. From Milan.

Third Out. Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer might have
stay'd

If crookèd fortune had not thwarted me.

First Out. What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was,

Sec. Out. For what offense ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse
I kill'd a man, whose death I must repent ;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were **done so**.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

Sec. Out. Have you the tongues ?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

First Out. We'll have him : — sirs, a word,

Speed. Master, be one of them ;

It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

Sec. Out. Tell us this : have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men :
Myself was from Verona banishèd
For practicing to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,— for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives ;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

Third Out. What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our
consórt ?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all :
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do not outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,
And show thee all the treasure we have got ;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Milan. The court of the Duke's palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer :

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest,—methinks you're
allicholy: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you
asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now, you are sadder than you were before:
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very
heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow
heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit,—when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he
loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog ; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace ! stand aside : the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you : I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we ?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake ?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will ?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seducèd by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be ; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd : and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I ; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulcher thine.

Jul. [*aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-
ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it :
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia above.*]

Jul. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis al-
most day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind :
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam !

SILVIA *re-appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,

I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd :
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you ;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt Eglamour, and Silvia above.*]

Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg : O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't ; sure as I live, he had suffered for't : you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark !) a pissing-while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one ; "What cur is that ?" says another ; "Whip him out," says the third ; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs : "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog ?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I ; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant ? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.—Thou thinkest not of this now ! Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia ; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do ? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale ? didst thou ever see me do such a trick ?

Re-enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name ? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please ; I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—[*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant !

Where have you been these two days loitering ?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel ?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog ?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not : here have I brought him back again,

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me ?

Launce. Ay, sir ; the othersquirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place : and then I offered her mine own,—who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say ! stay'st thou to vex me here ?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame !

[*Exit Launce.*]

Sebastian, I have entertainèd thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout ;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
Which — if my augury deceive me not —
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth :
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia :
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike ?

Pro. Not so ; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas !

Pro. Why dost thou cry, " Alas " ?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her ?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia :
She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary ;
And thinking on it makes me cry, " Alas ! "

Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter : — that's her chamber : — tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[Exit.]

Jul. How many women would do such a message ?
Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs : —
Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me ?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will :
And now am I — unhappy messenger —
To plead for that which I would not obtain ;
To carry that which I would have refus'd ;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true-confirmed love ;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA below, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, — he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. —

[The picture is brought.]

Go give your master this : tell him, from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter : —

[*Gives a letter.*]

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :

This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*]

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold : — [*Gives back the first letter.*]

I will not look upon your master's lines :

I know they're stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper. [*Tears the second letter.*]

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me ;

For I have heard him say a thousand times

His Julia gave it him at his departure.

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.

Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself

To think upon her woes I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth ; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part ;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight :
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth :—
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left !—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse : I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't if e'er you know her.

[*Exit Silvia with Attendants.*]

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture : let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass ; and so are mine :
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god ?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd !
And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee !

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Milan. An abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky ;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time ;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See where she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Lady, a happy evening !

Sil. Amen, amen ! Go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall :
 I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;
 If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it
 loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*aside*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace ?

Jul. [*aside*] But, indeed, better when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valor ?

Pro. O, sir, she makes No doubt of that.

Jul. [*aside*] She needs not, when she knows it coward-ice.

Thu. What says she to my birth ?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*aside*] True ; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions ?

Pro. O, ay ; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore ?

Jul. [*aside*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus ! how now, Thurio ! Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late ?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter ?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for Friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest :

Him he knew well : and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently : and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled :
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [Exit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The forest.*

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

First Out. Come, come ;
Be patient ; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood ;
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled ;
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

[*Exeunt all except the First Outlaw and Silvia.*

First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
cave :

Fear not ; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee ! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was !
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ; [within.
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain ! [Noise
 What halloing and what stir is this to-day ?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase :
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.—
 Withdraw thee, Valentine : who's this comes here ?

[Retires.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,—
 Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have forc'd your honor and your love :
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. [aside] How like a dream is this I see and hear !
 Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [aside] And me, when he approacheth to your
 presence.

Sil. Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me,
 O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;
 And full as much — for more there cannot be —
 I do detest false perjur'd Proteus !
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
 O, 'tis the curse in love; and still approv'd,
 When women cannot love where they're belov'd !

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,— force ye.

Sil. O heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*coming forward*] Ruffian, let go that rude, un-
civil touch,—

Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
love,—

For such is a friend now ; — thou treacherous man !
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me : now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Proteus,
I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deep'st : O time most curst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst !

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me,—
Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
I tender't here ; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid ;
And once again I do receive thee honest : —
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth ; for these are pleas'd
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd : —

And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy!

[*Faints.*]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what is the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see:—

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven,
were man

But constant, he were perfect! that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear,—

Forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banishèd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honor of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love:

Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformèd, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.—

Come, let us go : we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.—
Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discoverèd :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.	First Merchant, friend to
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.	Antipholus of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and	Second Merchant, to whom
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,	Angelo is a debtor.
twin brothers, and sons to	PINCH, a schoolmaster.
Ægeon and Æmilia	ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an
DROMIO of Ephesus, and DRO-	abbess at Ephesus.
MIO of Syracuse, twin brothers,	ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus
and attendants on the	of Ephesus.
two Antipholuses.	LUCIANA, her sister.
BALTHAZAR, a merchant.	LUCE, servant to Adriana.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.	A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Ephesus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the Duke's palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws :
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,

Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns ;
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs ;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort,—when your words are
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offense,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arriv'd where I was.
There had she not been long but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was deliver'd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon
We came aboard !
A league from Epidamnus had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscur'd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none :—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other :
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapors that offended us ;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd

Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,— O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off so ;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, the other ship had seiz'd on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
That by misfortune was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant — for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name —
Might bear him company in the quest of him :
Whom whilst I labor'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,

And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbors men.
But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,—
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,—
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudgèd to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honor's great disparagement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, now take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse,
and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir ; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time :—
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.—
Here comes the almanac of my true date.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

What now ? how chance thou art return'd so soon ?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,— sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolish-
ness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the
mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœ-
nix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Beating him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls,

Are their males' subjects and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some otherwhere ?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause ;
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me ;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—

Here comes your man ; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? know'st thou his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;

But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He asked me for a thousand marks in gold:

"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I: "My gold," quoth he:

"Will you come home?" quoth I: "My gold," quoth he;

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I: "Hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home!

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault,—he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair :
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy ! fie, beat it hence !

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere ;
Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain ;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see the jewel best enamelèd
Will lose his beauty ; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold : and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir ! is your merry humor alter'd ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur ? you received no gold ?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?
My house was at the Phoenix ? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou did'st answer me ?

Dro. S. What answer, sir ? when spake I such a word ?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is
earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these
blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and en-
sconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoul-
ders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, where-
fore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor
reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown: Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects; I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estrang'd from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?
I know thou canst ; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust ;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed ;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonorèd.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk ;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother ! how the world is chang'd with you !
When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio !

Dro. S. By me !

Adr. By thee ; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

Dro. S. I, sir ! I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an elm, my husband,— I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. [aside] To me she speaks; she moves me for
her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!—
We talk with none but goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformèd, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true: she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn:—
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. [aside] Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay;

And let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were
ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our
cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here!

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry
feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest :
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft ! my door is lock'd.— Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicily, Gillian, Jin !

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch !

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many ? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter ? — My master
stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*within*] Let him walk from whence he came,
lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there ? ho, open the door !

Dro. S. [*within*] Right, sir ; I'll tell you when, an you'll
tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore ! for my dinner : I have not din'd
to-day.

Dro. S. [*within*] Nor to-day here you must not ; come
again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the
house I owe ?

Dro. S. [*within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my
name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and
my name !

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
name for an ass.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there ! Dromio, who are
those at the gate ?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*within*] Faith no ; he comes too late ;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh ! —
Have at you with a proverb ; — Shall I set in my staff ?

Luce. [*within*] Have at you with another ; that's, —
When ? can you tell ?

Dro. S. [within] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce,
thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I
hope?

Luce. [within] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [within] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help :—well struck! there was blow
for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [within] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [within.] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door
down.

Luce. [within] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks
in the town?

Adr. [within] Who is that at the door that keeps all this
noise?

Dro. S. [within] By my troth, your town is troubled
with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come
before.

Adr. [within] Your wife, sir knave? go get you from the
door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would
go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would
fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them wel-
come hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot
get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were
thin.

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold :
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and
sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something : I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [within] Break any breaking here, and I'll
break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir ; and
words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*within*] It seems thou want'st breaking : out
upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here's too much " out upon thee ! " I pray thee,
let me in.

Dro. S. [*within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in : — go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather, — master, mean you so ?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone ; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so !
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this, — your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me : depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposèd by the common rout
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead ;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housèd where it gets possession,
Ant. E. You have prevail'd : I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet, too, gentle :
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife — but, I protest, without desert —

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal :
To her will we to dinner.— Get you home,
And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made :
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;
For there's the house : that chain will I bestow —
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife —
Upon mine hostess there : good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter, from the house, LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office ? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for wealth's sake use her with more kindness :
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness :
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false ; what need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,— what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labor you

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe :

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears :

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death that hath such means to die :

Let Love, being light, be drownèd if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart.

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir ! hold you still :
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [Exit.]

Enter, from the house, DROMIO of Syracuse running.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ! where runn'st thou
so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am I
your man ? am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art
thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides
myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man ? and how besides thyself ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman ;
one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your
horse ; and she would have me as a beast : not that, I being
a beast, she would have me ; but that she, being a very
beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ?

Dro. S. A very reverend body ; ay, such a one as a
man may not speak of, without he say "sir-reverence." I
have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous
fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all
grease ; and I know not what use to put her to, but to
make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.
I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a
Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a
week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like
so clean kept : for why she sweats ; a man may go over
shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name ?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe ; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks : I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland ?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness ; hard in the palm of her hand.

Ant. S. Where France ?

Dro. S. In her forehead ; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England ?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them ; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain ?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies ?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain ; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands ?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me ; called me Dromio ; swore I was assured to her ; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch :

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,
and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me
turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road : —
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town to-night : —
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to drudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Re-enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus, —

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir : — lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine :
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir : I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray, you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir : fare you well. [Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay :
If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus ;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain : at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Off. That labor may you save : see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's-end : that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But, soft ! I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy a rope !
[*Exit.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you :
You promisèd your presence and the chain ;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd
For he is bound for sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ?

Ant. E. No ;

Bear't with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain :
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me ; — the chain !

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whêr you'll answer me or no :
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave't you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none : you wrong me much to
say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; —

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish
sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfill. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A room in the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry ?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none ; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformèd, crookèd, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one ?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go ; the desk, the purse ! sweet, now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S.

By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him ;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough ;

A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter : he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well ;
But 'is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,—
A chain, a chain : — do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : — 'tis time that I were gone :
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes ; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou
reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Re-enter LUCIANA with the purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister : I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me ; some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy ;—
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-appar-
eled ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? what Adam dost thou
mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes in the
calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal ; he that came
behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake
your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ? why, 'tis a plain case : he that went,
like a base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir, that,
when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and 'rests
them ; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives
them suits of durance ; he that sets up his rest to do
more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that
brings any man to answer it that breaks his band ; one

that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvelous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise : an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain :
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! — Come, Dromio, let us
go.

Dro. S. “Fly pride,” says the peacock : mistress,
that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis’d me a chain :
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush’d into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose ;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.^c *A street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the Officer.*

Ant. E. Fear me not, man ; I will not break away :
I’ll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am ’rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger :
That I should be attach’d in Ephesus,
I tell you, ’twill sound harshly in her ears.—
Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope’s-end.*

How now, sir ! have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here’s that, I warrant you, will pay them all

Ant. E. But where’s the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue,

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, "Beware the rope's-end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beating him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse,

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[*Striking him.*]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizzard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O that thou wert not, poor distress'd soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! — Thou villain, what say'st
thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut
out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and
scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd
you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; — my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;

But surely, mistress, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker now bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day? —

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damn'd pack

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! — The fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four, who assist PINCH in binding

ANT. E and DRO. E.

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? — Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner : if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee :
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.— O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou
mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be mad,
good master ; cry, " The devil ! "

Luc. God, help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence.— Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*
Say now whose suit is he arrested at ?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith : do you know him ?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes ?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due ?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had 't not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is :

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of
Syracuse with their rapiers drawn.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more
help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away ! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and Officer.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from
you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you see they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before an abbey.*

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I'm sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. M. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
'This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee :

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :
I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is mad.—
Some get within him, take his sword away :
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a house !
This is some priory : — in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. into the abbey.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much much different from the man he was ;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea ?
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love,—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing ?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too,

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company I often glanc'd at it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad :

The venom-clamors of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls ;

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough-rude and wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither : he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labor in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd th' approvèd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[Exit.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offense.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke, attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May't please your grace, Antipholus my husband,—

Who I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,— this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strange escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars ;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.—
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair :
My master preaches patience to him, the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool ! thy master and his man are here ;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark ! I hear him, mistress : fly, be gone !

Duke. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing.— Guard with
halberds !

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband ! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible :
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice !

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there !

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abusèd and dishonor'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury :
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon
me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault.— Say, woman, didst thou so ?

Adr. No, my good lord : myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal !

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

Ang. O perjur'd woman !—They are both forsworn
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advisèd what I say ;
Neither disturbèd with th' effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then ;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him : in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey ; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man ; this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They left me and my man, both bound together ;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain. So help me heaven
As this is false you burden me withal!

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir,
He din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange,—Go call the abbess
hither.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

Age. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Happily I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Age. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I'm sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Æge. Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with Time's deform'd hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not ; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?
Though now this grain'd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses — I cannot err —
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted : but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so :
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio : command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio : pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia :
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell ;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right ;
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first ?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renownèd uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. Nô; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother.—[*To Luc.*] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.

I see we still did meet each other's man;

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;

And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renownèd duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes;—

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathizèd one day's error

Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,

My heavy burden ne'er deliverèd.—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me ;
After so long grief, such felicity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtesan, Sec.
Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.— I am your master, Dromio :
Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :
Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant S. and Ant. E., Adr. and Luc.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner :
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother :

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus :—

We came into the world like brother and brother ;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]

VENUS AND ADONIS.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-color'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are ;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses ;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens : — O, how quick is love ! —
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 “ If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.”

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks ;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith she is immodest, blames her miss ;
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheeks, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls its heavenly moisture, air of grace ;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
 Rain added to a river that is rank
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
And to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale ;
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :
" O, pity," gan she cry, " flint-hearted boy !
'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar ;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

" Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontroll'd crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

" Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight !

VENUS AND ADONIS.

“ Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine : —
What see'st thou in the ground ? hold up thy head :
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies ;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

“ Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then wink again,
And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

“ The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe ; yet mayst thou well be tasted :
Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

“ Were I hard-favor'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crookèd, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despisèd, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee ;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

“ Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning ;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

“ Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen ;
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

" Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee ?

" Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

" Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;
Thou wast begot,— to get it is thy duty.

" Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tirèd in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapors when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries, " Fie, no more of love !
The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain :
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favor, some remorse !"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbors by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send ;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, " Lo, thus my strength is tried ;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering " Holla " or his " Stand, I say " ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur ?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whêr he run or fly they know not whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest,
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of conceal'd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage,
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming; and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturb'd mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb-play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, willful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
 " O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

" Give me my hand," saith he ; " why dost thou feel it ? "
 " Give me my heart," saith she, " and thou shalt have it ;
 O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

" For shame," he cries, " let go, and let me go ;
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so :
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies : " Thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;
 Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone."

" How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast."

" Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feign'd tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a
tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears; my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

" Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling

" But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast ? "

Once more the ruby-color'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
But blessèd bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd :
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth :
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

“ O, where am I ? ” quoth she ; “ in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
Do I delight to die, or life-desire ?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

“ O, thou didst kill me ; — kill me once again :
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

“ Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
 That the star gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquérors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willet;h
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry :

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honor's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression ?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission :
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd :
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incagèd in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arm she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

“ On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret ;
His snout digs sepulchers where'er he goes ;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

“ His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes.

“ Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread !—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

“ O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends :
Come not within his danger by thy will ;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

“ Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

“ For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry ‘ Kill, kill ! ’
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

" This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

" And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

" What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination ?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination :
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

" But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

" And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

" Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer :
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

“ For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

“ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be comparèd well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

“ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay ;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

“ Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so ;
For love can comment upon every woe.

“ Where did I leave ? ” “ No matter where,” quoth he ;
“ Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
The night is spent.” “ Why, what of that ? ” quoth she.
“ I am,” quoth he, “ expected of my friends ;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.”
“ In night,” quoth she, “ desire sees best of all.

“ But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

“ Now of this dark night I perceive the reason :
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing molds from heaven that were divine ;
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

“ And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery ;

“ As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

“ And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :
Both favor, savor, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder, •
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

“ Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

“ What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

“So in thyself thyself art made away ;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.”

“Nay, then,” quoth Adon, “you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme :
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

“If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there ;

“Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

“What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger :
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase : O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse !

“Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
Under whose simple semblancè he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

" Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forgèd lies.

" More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarkèd friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend :
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold-in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbor caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
" Ay me !" she cries, and twenty times, " Woe, woe !"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humor of fantastic wits?
She says "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so;"
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face.
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache.
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay :
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appalls her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meager, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," — thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?"

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

" Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

" Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow, —
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief ;
All entertain'd, each passion labors so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best : then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labor to expel ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all to-naught :
Now she adds honors to his hateful name ;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast
Which knows no pity, but is still severe :
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander ;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander :
Grief hath two tongues ; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitness'd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplex'd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head :
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

" My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, " behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

" Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim ;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

" Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :

“ And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks : then would Adonis weep ;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

“ To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him :
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

“ When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries ;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

“ But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

“ 'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

“ Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his,— the more am I accurst.”
With thi , she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told ;
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies ;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
 “ Wonder of time,” quoth she, “ this is my spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

“ Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end ;
 Ne’er settled equally, but high or low ;
 That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.

“ It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while
The bottom poison, and the top o’erstraw’d
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The youngest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

“ It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures ;
 It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

“ It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire :
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapor from her sight ;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, checker'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by Death :
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

• Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
'Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.	Gaoler.
MAMILLIUS, his son.	An old Shepherd.
CAMILLO, }	Clown, his son.
ANTIGONUS, }	Servant to the old Shepherd.
CLEOMENES, }	AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
DION, }	
Other Sicilian Lords.	
Officers of a Court of Judicature.	HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
Sicilian Gentlemen.	PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.	PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
FLORIZEL, his son.	EMILIA, a lady, } attending on
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.	Other Ladies, } the Queen.
A Mariner.	MOPSA, }
	DORCAS, } shepherdesses.

Attendants, Guards ; Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE — *Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. An antechamber in the palace of LEONTES.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their love!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden : time as long again
 Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
 And yet we should, for perpetuity,
 Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cipher,
 Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
 With one we-thank-you many thousands more
 That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
 And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
 I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
 Or breed upon our absence : that may blow
 No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
 "This is put forth too truly !" Besides, I've stay'd
 To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
 Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's, then : and in that
 I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
 There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
 So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,
 Were their necessity in your request, although
 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
 Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
 To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
 Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
 You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
 Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
 All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd : say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
 But let him say so then, and let him go ;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[To Polixenes] Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting:—yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord.— You'll stay?

Pol.

No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol.

I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's "verily" 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread "verily,"
One of them you shall be.

Pol.

Your guest, then, madam:

To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her.

Not your gaoler, then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol.

We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty;" th' imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offenses we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I've spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
Th' other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.

Leon. [aside] Too hot, too hot !
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me,— my heart dances ;
But not for joy,— not joy.— This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent ; 't may, I grant :
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass ; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows !— Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks !
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose ?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ;— not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.— Still virginalling

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.

Upon his palm ?— How now, you wanton calf !
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that
I have,

To be full like me :— yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing : but were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters,— false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.— Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye : sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop !— Can thy dam ?— may't be ?—
Affection ! thy intention stabs the center :
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams ;— how can this be ?—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing : then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something ; and thou dost, —
And that beyond commission ; and I find it, —
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. Ho, my lord !

What cheer ? how is't with you, best brother ?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest. —

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! — Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous :
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will ? why, happy man be 's dole ! — My
brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden : shall 's attend you there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.— [*Aside*] I'm angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to ! [*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband ! [*Exeunt Pol., Her., and Attend.*

Gone already !

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one !—

Go, play, boy, play : — thy mother plays, and I

Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamor

Will be my knell.— Go, play, boy, play.— There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;

And many a man there is, — even at this present,

Now while I speak this, — holds his wife by th' arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor, by

Sir Smile, his neighbor : nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will : should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none ;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south : be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly ; know't ;

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage : many thousand on 's

Have the disease, and feel't not.— How now, boy !

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon.

Why, that's some comfort —

What, Camillo there ?

Cam.

Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit Mamillius.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold :
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ? —

[*Aside*] They're here with me already ; whispering, round-
ing,

" Sicilia is a — so-forth : " 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. — How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be't : " good " should be perti-
nent ;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks : — not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind ? say.

Cam. Business, my lord ! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

Th' entreaties of your mistress ! — satisfy ! —
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, — I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be't forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon't, — thou art not honest ; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd ; or else thou must be counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent ; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were willful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ; or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute ; or thought,— for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think't,—
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,—
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought,— then say
My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to
Before her troth-plight : say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?

Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty ; — horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin-and-web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is ; you lie, you lie :
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both ; were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia : who — if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,— they would do that
Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,— whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,— thou mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison : but I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled
T' appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honor, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:—
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example

Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.— Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto

Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,— I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behoove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.— Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honor does acknowledge,— whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,— that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honor, and by him
That I think honorable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter't, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To tice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not : but I'm sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosèd in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night !
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city : for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand :
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence-departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence : let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns : please your highness
To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. A room in the palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies:

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. — I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught ye this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray now
What color are your eyebrows ?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye ;
The queen your mother rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk ; good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir, now
I am for you again : pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter : I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down : — come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man, —

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard : — I will tell it softly ;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Guards.

Leon. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo with him ?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them ; never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion ! —
Alack for lesser knowledge ! how accurs'd
In being so blest ! — There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts : — I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander : —
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted : — that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open ?

First Lord. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy : — I'm glad you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence ; he shall not come about her,
Away with him ! — and let her sport herself

[*Exit Mamillius with some of the Guards*]

With that she's big with ; — for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "She is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest-honorable :"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,—
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,—and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said "she's goodly : " come between,
Ere you can say "she's honest : " but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultriss.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said
She's an adultriss; I have said with whom :
More, she's traitor; and Camillo is
A fedary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she
Is a bed-swerger, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no ; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.— Away with her to prison !
He who shall speak for her's afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable.— Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are,— the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities ; but I have
That honorable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; — and so
The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. [to the Guards] Shall I be heard ?

Her. Who is't that goes with me ? — Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it.— Do not weep, good fools ;
There is no cause : when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out : this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.— Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall.— My women, come ; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies, with Guards.*]

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honor flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honor,
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal

[*Laying hold of his arm.*]

The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you — or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill — cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves.

We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,—
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding :
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For, in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public ; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The outer room of a prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee;

What dost thou, then, in prison?

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

Now good sir,

You know me, do you not?

Gaol.

For a worthy lady,

And one who much I honor.

Paul.

Pray you, then,

Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul.

Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honor from

Th' access of gentle visitors! — Is't lawful,

Pray you, to see her women? any of them?

Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul.

I pray now, call her.—

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attend.*]

Gaol.

And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee.

[*Exit Gaoler.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,

As passes coloring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil.

A daughter; and a goodly babe,

Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives

Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,

I am innocent as you."

Paul.

I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.— Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen :
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child :
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue : there's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it !
I'll to the queen : please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd ; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear : upon mine honor, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.**Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest : it is but weakness
 To bear the matter thus,—mere weakness. If
 The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
 She the adultress ; for the harlot king
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot-proof ; but she
 I can hook to me : — say that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again.—Who's there ?

First Atten. [*advancing*] My lord ?

Leon. How does the boy ?

First Atten. He took good rest to-night ;
 'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness !
 Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely : — go,
 See how he fares. [*Exit First Atten.*] — Fie, fie ! no
 thought of him : —

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty,
 And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
 Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow :
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Sec. Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
 manded
 None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir :
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
 Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humor
 That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How !—

Away with that audacious lady !—Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me :
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this,—
 Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me for committing honor,—trust it,
 He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear :
 When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
 But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
 And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counselor ; yet that dare
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come
 From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ; I say good
 queen ;
 And would by combat make her good, so were I
 A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
 First hand me : on mine own accord I'll off ;
 But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen—

For she is good—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon.

Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door,—
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul.

Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon.

Traitors!

Will you not push her out?—Give her the bastard:—

[*To Antigonus*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, un-
roosted

By thy Dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forcèd baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon.

He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul.

Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon.

A callet

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.— Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father,— eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valleys,
The pretty dimples of 's chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, losel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinge'd fancy— something savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.—
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit!— What need these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:— farewell; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—

My child ? away with it ! — even thou, that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
 Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
 And by good testimony ; or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
 The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in't.

First Lord. We can : — my royal liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
 We've always truly serv'd you ; and beseech you
 So to esteem of us : and on our knees we beg, —
 As recompense of our dear services
 Past and to come, — that you do change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue : we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows : —
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? better burn it now
 Than curse it then. But be it ; let it live : —
 It shall not neither. — You, sir, come you hither ;

[To Antigonus.]

You that have been so tenderly officious
 With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life, — for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as thy beard's gray, — what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much, —
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
 To save the innocent : — any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant.

I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it,— seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.— Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.— Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!— and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the Child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Sec. Atten. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Sicilia. A street in some town.*

Enter CLEOMENES, DION, and an Attendant.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits —
Methinks I so should term them — and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' th' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O be't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle —
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up —
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — [To Attendant] Go, —
fresh horses: —
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. A court of justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers discovered.

Leon. This session — to our great grief, we pronounce —
Even pushes 'gainst our heart; — thy party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

First Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

Crier. Silence !

HERMIONE is brought in guarded; PAULINA and Ladies
attending

Leon. Read the indictment.

First Offi. [reads] "Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-
raigned of high treason, in committing adultery with
Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo
to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy
royal husband : the pretense whereof being by circum-
stances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the
faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and
aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty;" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know—
Who least will seem to do so—my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy : which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators ; for, behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe'
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for honor,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine ;
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry "Fie" upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,—
With whom I am accus'd,— I do confess
I lov'd him, as in honor he requir'd ;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me ; with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend ; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know what
You've underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it; — as you were past all shame,
 Those of your fact are so, — so past all truth:
 Which to deny concerns more than avails;
 For as
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, — which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee than it, — so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity:
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went: my second joy
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I'm barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' th' open air before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not: — for life,
 I prize it not a straw; but for mine honor,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake, — I tell you,
 'Tis rigor, and not law. — Your honors all,
 I do refer me to the oracle:
 Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just: — therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:

O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery,— yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

First Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. and Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

First Offi. [*reads*] "Hermione is chaste ; Polixenes
blameless ; Camillo a true subject ; Leontes a jealous
tyrant ; his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king
shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not
found."

Lords. Now blessèd be the great Apollo !

Her. Praisèd !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

First Offi. Ay, my lord ; even so ;
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle :
The session shall proceed : this is mere falsehood.

Enter an Attendant hastily.

Atten. My lord the king, the king !

Leon. What is the business ?

Atten. O sir, I shall be hated to report it !
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How ! gone !

Atten. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry ; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How now
there !

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :—look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence :

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd : she will recover :—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion :—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paul. and Ladies, with Her.*

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes : which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done ; he, most humane,
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor :— how he glisters
Thorough my rust ! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul.

Woe the while !

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? or what boiling
In lead or oil ? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,— O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed,— stark mad ! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing,—

That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful ; nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king ; — poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little, — though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done't ;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts —
Thoughts high for one so tender — cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last, — O lords,
When I have said, cry, " Woe ! " — the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead ; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say she's dead ; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture or luster in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more :

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I'm sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I've show'd too much
The rashness of a woman ! he is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief : do not receive affliction

At my petition ; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen,— lo, fool again ! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation : so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou'rt perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We've landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! — Go, get aboard ;
Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
Too far i' the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.

[Exit.]

Ant.

Come, poor babe :—

I've heard,— but not believ'd,— the spirits o' the dead
 May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd and so becoming : in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me ;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There wend, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife Paulina more : " — and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.— Blossom, speed thee well !

[*Laying down the Child, with a scroll.*]

There lie ; and there thy character : there these ;

[*Laying down a bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.— The storm begins :—poor wretch,
 [*Thunder.*

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss and what may follow ! — Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.— Farewell ! —

The day frowns more and more : — thou rt like to have
A lullaby too rough : — I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. — A savage clamor ! —

[*Noise of hunters, dogs, and bears within.*]

Well may I get aboard ! — This is the chase :

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest ; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting — Hark you now ! — Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather ? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ? [*Seeing the Child.*] Mercy on 's, a barn ; a very pretty barn ! A boy or a child, I wonder ? A pretty one ; a very pretty one : sure, some scape : though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work : they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity : yet I'll tarry till my son come ; he hallooed but even now. — Whoa, ho, hoa !

Clo. [*within*] Hilloa, loa !

Shep. What, art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land ! — but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky : betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! — but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see, em, and not to see 'em ; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead.

And then for the land-service,—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—but to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman,—he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:—open't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so; up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him 'i the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *as* Chorus.

Time. I,— that please some, try all ; both joy and terror
 Of good and bad ; that make and unfold error,—
 Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
 To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
 To me or my swift passage, that I slide
 O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
 Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
 To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
 To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd : I witness to
 The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistening of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
 Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
 That he shuts up himself,— imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia ; and remember well ;
 I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
 I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 Equal with wondering : what of her ensues,
 I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news
 Be known when 'tis brought forth :— a shepherd's
 daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say
 He wishes earnestly you never may.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Bohemia. A room in the palace of*
 POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importu-

hate : 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing ; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me ; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,— which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now : the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which if I have not enough considered,— as too much I cannot, — to be more thankful to thee shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prithee speak no more ; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness ; from whom I have this intelligence : — that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate,

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence ; but I fear

the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [*Singing.*]
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of

unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly-cheat: gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.— A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see; — every 'leven wether tod; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.— Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to color the warden-pies; mace; dates,— none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger,— but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou has need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments

he has left with thee : if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O !

Clo. Alas, poor soul !

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir ! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now ! canst stand ?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*Picks his pocket*] ; good sir, softly.

You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir : I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want ; offer me no money, I pray you,— that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the prince : I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, — a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well : I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir ! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too ; if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, [*Sings.*

And merrily hent the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A lawn before a Shepherd's cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me,—
O, pardon that I name them !— your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up : but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd ; swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me the difference forges dread ; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
 To think, your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did : O the Fates !
 How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
 Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
 Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
 The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
 Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now :— their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,—
 Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
 Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
 Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king :
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak,—that you must change this
 purpose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
 The mirth o' the feast : or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's ; for I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
 Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle ;
 Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious !

Flo. See, your guests approach :

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and other
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd all ;
Would sing her song and dance her turn ; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire
With labor, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [to *Pol.*] Sir, welcome : —
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. — [To *Cam.*] You're wel-
come, sir. —

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess, —
A fair one are you, — well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fair'st flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : this is an art
Which does mend nature,— change it rather ; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.— Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they're given
To men of middle age. Ye're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.— Now, my fair'st
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day ; — and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing : — O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,— a malady
Most incident to maids : bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er !

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse ; or if,— not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.— Come, take your flowers :
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't.— But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Flo. Come on, strike up !

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our man-
ners.—

Come, strike up !

[*Music.* Here a dance of *Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding : I but have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter :
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe ;
no, the bagpipe could not move you ; he sings several
tunes faster than you'll tell money ; he utters them
as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his
tunes.

Clo. He could never come better ; he shall come in :
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter
merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and
sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes,—

no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of " dildos " and " fadings," " jump her and thump her ; " and where some stretch-mouth rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, " Whoop, do me no harm, good man ; " puts him off, slights him, with " Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceiv'd fellow. Has he any unbraided wares ?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colors i' t'ne rainbow ; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross ; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns : why, he sings 'em ever, as they were gods or goddesses ; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in ; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forwarn him that he use no scurrilous word in's tunes.

[Exit Servant.]

Clo. You have of these peddlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow ;
 Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
 Masks for faces and for noses ;
 Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
 Golden quoifs and stomachers,
 For my lads to give their dears ;
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
 What maids lack from head to heel :
 Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
 Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being inthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more,— which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kilnhole, to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'tis well they are whispering. Clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true ; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by : and let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man:" there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you!

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O, whither? *Dor.* Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill:

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither. *Dor.* What, neither? *Aut.* Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me.—

Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Peddler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

[Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.—

Will you buy any tape, [Singing.
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair,—they call themselves Saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind,—if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling,—it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Enter twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs, who dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

[To Cam.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them. He's simple and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd! Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks : I would have ransack'd
The peddler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd-
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.— O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd ! I take thy hand,— this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiop's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ? —
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before ! — I've put you out : —
But to your protestation ; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbor too ?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all : —
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve ; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's,— I would not prize them
Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain! —
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
 I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
 I' the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
 Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
 Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ; —
 And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you ;
 Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
 Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
 That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
 With age and altering rheums ? can he speak ? hear ?
 Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?
 Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing
 But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;
 He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial : reason my son
 Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason
 The father, — all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity, — should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son : he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd : thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !— Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.— And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with,—

Shep. O my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.— For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack,— as never
I mean thou shalt,— we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than Deucalion off : — mark thou my words : —
Follow us to the court.— Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.— And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee,— if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone !
I was not much afeard ; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.— [*To Flo.*] Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
I told you what would come of this : beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father !
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—[*To Florizel*] O
sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet,— yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones ! but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—[*To Perdita*] O cursèd
wretch,

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him !— Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I've liv'd
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd : what I was, I am ;
More straining on for plucking back ; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper : at this time
He will allow no speech,— which I do guess
You do not purpose to him ;— and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think Camillo ?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus !
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith ; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within !— Lift up thy looks :—
From my succession wipe me, father ! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am,— and by my fancy : if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfill my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you've e'er been my father's honor'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her who here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Taking her aside.*
{*To Camillo*} I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honor.
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You've heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly

Have you deserv'd : it is my father's music
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam.

Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is near'st to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,—
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,—on mine honor
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness ; where you may
Enjoy your mistress,—from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend ! your ruin ;—marry her ;
And—with my best endeavors in your absence—
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo.

How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam.

Have you thought on

A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo.

Not any yet :

But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam.

Then list to me :

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself and your fair princess—
For so I see she must be—'fore Leontes :
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

The medicine of our house ! — how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, — one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fast-ing : they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer : by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture ; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown — who wants but something to be a reasonable man — grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinched a placket, — it was senseless ; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse, — I would have filed keys off that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses ; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam.

Who have we here?

[Seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. [aside] If they have overheard me now,—why,
hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow ! why shakest thou so ?
Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that
from thee : yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange ; therefore discase thee instantly,—
thou must think there's a necessity in't,—and change
garments with this gentleman : though the pennyworth
on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

[Giving money.]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside] I know ye well
enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch : the gentleman is half
flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ? — [Aside] I smell the
trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye !—you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;
Dismantle you ; and, as you can, dislikén
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over's—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam.

Nay, you shall have no hat.—

[Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut.

Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. [aside] What I do next, shall be to tell the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail

To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo.

Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity,—stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels; if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh

and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too,—who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

Aut. [*aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my peddler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*]—How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or touse from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?

I am courtier cap-a-pè ; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him ?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] Advocate's the court-word for a present : say you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men !
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*aside to Clo.*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical : a great man, I'll warrant ; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there ? what's i' the fardel ? Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself : for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir,—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly : the curse she shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir ?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter ; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman : which though it be great pity, it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! Some say he

shall be stoned ; but that death is too soft for him, say I : draw our throne into a sheep-cote ! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, ain't like you, sir ?

Aut. He has a son,— who shall be flayed alive ; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest ; there stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead ; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion ; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him,— where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offenses being so capital ? Tell me — for you seem to be honest plain men — what you have to the king : being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] He seems to be of great authority : close with him ; give him gold : and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold : show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,— stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.— Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son : — hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] Comfort, good comfort ! We must to the king, and show our strange sights : he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else — Sir, I will give you as much as this old man

does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand : I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. [*aside to Shep.*] We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. [*aside to Clo.*] Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me : she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,— gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them : there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sicilia.* A room in the palace of LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass : at the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil ; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them ; and so still think of The wrong I did myself : which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord : If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
Kill'd! — she I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good, now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoke a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good, —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — [*To Leontes*] Care not for
issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honor,— O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! — then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —
Where we offend her now — appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! — fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,— if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,— give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess,— she
The fair'st I've yet beheld,— desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;" — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,— your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends,
 Bring them to our embracement. [*Exeunt Cleo. and others.*
 Still, 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
 Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
 Well with this lord : there was not full a month
 Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st
 He dies to me again when talk'd of : sure,
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that which may
 Unfurnish me of reason.— They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you : were I but twenty-one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him, and speak of something wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
 And your fair princess-goddess ! — O, alas,
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost —
 All mine own folly — the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
 Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
 Can send his brother : and, but infirmity —
 Which waits upon worn times — hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd to look upon you ; whom he loves —
 He bade me say so — more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O my brother,

Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behindhand slackness !— Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage —
At least ungentle — of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness : my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessèd gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has —

His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him;
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening,—in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: —
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.— Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.— [To Florizel] But your
petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father :
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make : come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before the palace of LEONTES.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found
it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all com-
manded out of the chamber ; only this, methought I
heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business ;—
but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were
very notes of admiration : they seemed almost, with
staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes ;
there was speech in their dumbness, language in their
very gesture ; they looked as they had heard of a world
ransomed, or one destroyed : a notable passion of wonder
appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were
joy or sorrow,— but in the extremity of the one, it must

needs be.— Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more.

Enter another Gentleman.

The news, Rogero ?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires : the oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found ; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.— Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward : he can deliver you more.

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : has the king found his heir ?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's ; her jewel about the neck of it ; the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character ; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ; the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding ; and many other evidences,— proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,— for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, " O, thy mother, thy mother ! " then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes—caught the water, though not the fish—was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't,—bravely confessed and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an "Alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer:—

thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. *[Exeunt Gentlemen.]*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he then took her to be,—who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown, richly dressed.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clow. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we

wept.— and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:— and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dardest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.— [*Trumpets within.*] Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A chapel in PAULINA'S house.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble :— but we came
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well.

[Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers

Hermione standing as a statue.

I like your silence,— it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ;— first, you, my liege :
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.— But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So agèd as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,— warm life,
As now it coldly stands,— when first I woo'd her !
I am asham'd : does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it ?— O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty ; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.— Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,— for the stone is mine,—
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.—
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it ? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd ? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain :
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together !
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul I'm sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ; but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.— Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
Theruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,—
Which I protest against,— I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her ; strike ! — [*Music.*
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;
I'll fill your grave up ; stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.— You perceive she stirs :

[*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not ; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now in age
Is she become the suitor.

Leon.

O, she's warm !

[Embracing her.]

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol.

She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck :

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul.

That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale : but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.— Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.]

Her.

You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul.

There's time enough for that ;

Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.— Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon.

O, peace, Paulina !

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife : this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd.— for I saw her,

As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,— to find thee
An honorable husband.— Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand ; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.— Let's from this place.—
What ! look upon my brother :— both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.— This' your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.— Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd ; hastily lead away. [Exeunt.

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.	A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.	CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.	A Roman Captain.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.	Two British Captains.
	PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons of Belarius.	CORNELIUS, a physician.
ARVIRAGUS, }	Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, }	Two Gentlemen of the same.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }	Two Gaolers.
	Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
	IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
	HELEN, woman to Imogen.
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.	

Apparitions.

SCENE — *Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of CYMBELINE'S palace.*
Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent.

But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son — a widow
That late he married — hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman : she's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent.

None but the king?

First Gent. He that hath lost her too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match : but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent.

And why so?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her —
I mean, that married her, alack, good man !
And therefore banish'd — is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare : — I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent.

You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself ;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent.

What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root : his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success, —
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand ; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,

That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe
 To his protection ; calls him Posthumus Leonatus ;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber :
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ;
 And in's spring became a harvest ; liv'd in court —
 Which rare it is to do — most prais'd, most lov'd ;
 A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature
 A glass that feated them ; and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honor him
 Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king ?

First Gent. His only child.
 He had two sons, — if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it, — the eld'st of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n ; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago ?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd !
 So slackly guarded ! and the search so slow,
 That could not trace them !

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear : here comes the gentleman,

The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-ey'd unto you : you're my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint.— For you, Posthúmus,
 So soon as I can win th' offended king,
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, .
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. O
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds !— My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing —
 Always reserv'd my holy duty — what
 His rage can do on me : you must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man ! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth :
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure.— [Aside] Yet I'll move him
 To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
 Pays dear for my offenses. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!— Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*]
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you; for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Post. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A luster to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad!

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!— Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience.— Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!— Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being agèd,
Die of this folly. [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.— How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,

And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile !— O brave sir !—
I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.— Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honor
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard : for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice :
where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.— Have I
hurt him ?

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] No, faith ; not so much as his
patience.

First Lord. Hurt him ! his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be
not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] His steel was in debt ; it went o' the
backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] No ; but he fled forward still, toward
your face.

First Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of
your own : but he added to your having ; gave you some
ground.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.
— Puppies !

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done !

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us ?

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was, " His queen, his queen ! "

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I ! —

And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. —
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in PHILARIO's house.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was
then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as

since he hath been allowed the name of : but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter — wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own — words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment, —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colors, are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you ? how creeps acquaintance ?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. — Here comes the Briton : let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

— I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine : how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveler ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but,

upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring

may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offense herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt,

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbor's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : who has the note of them ?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :
[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offense,—

My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been

Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes ? distill ? preserve ? yea, so

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions ? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—

To try the vigor of them, and apply

Allayments to their act ; and by them gather

Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

But noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him

Will I first work : he's for his master,

And enemy to my son.—

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio !—

Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;

Take your own way.

Cor. [aside] I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [to Pisanio] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. *[Exit.]*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Doth thou think
in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master ; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another ;
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops the box : Pisanio takes it up.]

So much as but to prop him ? — Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labor :
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
What is more cordial : — nay, I prithee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou chancest on ; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :
 Think on my words. *[Exit Pisanio.]*

A sly and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand-fast to her lord.— I've given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she after,
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so ; — well done, well done :
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet.— Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. *[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]*

Pis. And shall do :
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd ; — O, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious : bless'd be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.— Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*]

Imo.

Thanks, good sir:

You're kindly welcome.

Iach. [*aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him
accordingly, as you value your truest LEONATUS."
So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What, are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other : nor i' the judgment ;
For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite : nor i' th' appetite ;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach.

The cloy'd will,—

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech
you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveler.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton —
Your lord, I mean — laughs from's free lungs, cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be — will his free hours languish for
Assurèd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him
might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I count his beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me : what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable ! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do —
I was about to say — enjoy your ——— But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you —
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born + discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; — should I — damn'd then —
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood — falsehood, as
With labor ; then lie peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; — it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick ! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !
How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honor ; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisanio !—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio !—

Iach. O happy Leonatus ! I may say :
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee
 Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit.— Blessèd live you long !
 A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
 Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
 The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies into him ;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :
 He hath a kind of honor sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
 Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know cannot err : the love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir : take my power i' the court for
 yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord —
 The best feather of our wing — have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor ;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France : 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage : may it please you
 To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;

honor for their safety : since
interest in them, I will keep them
chamber.

They are in a trunk,
ded by my men : I will make bold
send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have outstood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. N

SCENE I. *Britain. Court before CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kiss-
ed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a
hundred pound on't : and then a whoreson jackanapes
must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine
oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] If his wit had been like him that
broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha ?

Sec. Lord. No, my lord ; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of
them.

Clo. Whoreson dog ! — I give him satisfaction ? Would
he had been one of my rank !

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth,—
A pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they
dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother ;
every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must
go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] You are cock and capon too ; and
you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake
every companion that you give offense to.

Clo. No, I know that : but it is fit I 'should commit
offense to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to
court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't !

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and
knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come ; and, 'tis thought,
one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no dero-
gation in't ?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*aside*] You are a fool granted ; therefore
your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian : what I have lost to-
day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honor ; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou mayst stand,
 T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land ! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.* IMOGEN'S bedchamber in CYMBELINE'S palace : a trunk in one corner of it.

IMOGEN in bed, reading ; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then : mine eyes are weak :

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed :
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods !
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye !

[Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.— Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 But kiss ; one kiss ! — Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't ! — 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see th' inclosèd lights, now canopied
 Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.— But my designs
 To note the chamber : I will write all down : —
 Such and such pictures ; — there the window ; — such
 Th' adornment of her bed ; — the arras, figures,

Why, such and such ; -- and the contents o' the story, --
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner movables
 Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory : --
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying ! -- Come off, come off ; --

[*Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard ! --
 'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honor. No more. To what end ?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? -- She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus : here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up. -- I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. --
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three, -- Time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining IMO-
 GEN'S apartments in the same.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the most boldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble
 temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious
 when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could
 get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's
 almost morning, is't not ?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come : I am advised to give her music o' mornings ; they say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,— and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet arise ;
Arise, arise !

Clo. So, get you gone ; if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early ; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ; She hath not yet forgot him : some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt all except Cloten.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, oh! —

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?— The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

[*Exit Lady.*]

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
T' accuse myself,— I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,— it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties —
Yet who than he more mean ? — to knit their souls —
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary — in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom : and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio !

Clo. " His garment " ! Now, the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently --

Clo. " His garment " !

Imo. I am sprited with a fool ;
Frighted, and anger'd worse : — go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually

Hath left mine arm : it was thy master's ; shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw't this morning : confident I am
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search. [Exit *Pisanio*.

Clo. You have abus'd me : —

"His meanest garment" !

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir :

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd : —

"His meanest garment" ! — Well.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in PHILARIO'S house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold her honor
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come : in these sear'd hopes,
 I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
 O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
 Will do's commission throughly ; and I think
 He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe —

Statist though I am none, nor like to be —
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
 The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
 Now mingled with their courage will make known
 To their approvers they are people such
 That mend upon the world.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I've look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
 I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness which
 Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted : her andirons —
I had forgot them — were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honor ! —
Let it be granted you have seen all this, — and praise
Be given to your remembrance, — the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see ! —
And now 'tis up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove ! —
Once more let me behold it : is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, — I thank her, — that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ! 'tis true. Here, take this too ;
[Gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. — Let there be no honor
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,

Where there's another man : the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false !

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable she lost it ; or
Who knows if one o' her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her ?

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't.— Back my ring :
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stol'n.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true,— nay, keep the ring,— 'tis true : I'm sure
She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn and honorable :— they induc'd to steal it !
And by a stranger !— No, he hath enjoy'd her :
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,— she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient :
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.

Post. Never talk on't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing— lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear me more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turns ;
Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post.

No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
 And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
 Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach.

I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there and do't; i' the court; before
 Her father:— I'll do something—

[*Exit.**Phi.*

Quite besides

The government of patience!— You have won:
 Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
 He hath against himself.

Iach.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.**Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:
 And that most venerable man which I
 Did call my father, was I know not where
 When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this.— O, vengeance, vengeance!—
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow:— O, all the devils!—
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,— was't not?—
 Or less,— at first?— perchance he spoke not, but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard.— Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: be't lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,

Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray them have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter from one side, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords; from the other, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar — whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme and hearing ever — was in this Britain
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
 Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it,— for him
 And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again.— Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbèd and palèd in
 With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;
 With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame —
 The first that ever touch'd him — he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten: and his shipping —
 Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point —
 O giglet Fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and as I said,
 there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have
 crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
 Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—
 Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar
 can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon
 in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir,
 no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from's, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world,—against all color, here
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
 Ordain'd our laws,— whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry:— Mulmutius made
 our laws,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar —
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers — thine enemy :
Receive it from me, then : — war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted. — Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, Caius,
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honor ;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms. — a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer : if you seek us afterwards
in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle :
if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the ad-
venture, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and
there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, with a letter.

Pis. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser ? — Leonatus !
O master ! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear ! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ? — Disloyal ! No :
She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. — O my master !
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. — How ! that I should murder her ?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] “Do’t: the
 letter

That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:” — O damn’d paper!
 Black as the ink that’s on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a fedary for this act, and look’st
 So virgin-like without? — Lo, here she comes.—
 I’m ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio.

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,— Leonatus?
 O, learn’d indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars as I his characters;
 He’d lay the future open,— You good gods,
 Let what is here contain’d relish of love,
 Of my lord’s health, of his content,— yet not
 That we two are asunder,— let that grieve him,—
 Some griefs are med’cinable; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love; — of his content
 All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: — bless’d be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid’s tables.— Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

“Justice, and your father’s wrath, should he take me in
 his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you,
 O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me
 with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at
 Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this,
 advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness,
 that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
 love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.”

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear’st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ? — Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st,—
 O, let me bate,— but not like me ; — yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind ; — O, not like me ;
 For mine's beyond beyond,— say, and speak thick,—
 Love's counselor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,— how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford : and, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
 T' inherit such a haven : but, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence ; and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 And our return, t' excuse : — but first, how get hence :
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow : I've heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf : — but this is foolery : —
 Go bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
 She'll home to her father : and provide me presently
 A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee ;
 Do as I bid thee : there's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. Wales : a mountainous country
 with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS ; then GUIDERIUS
 and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours ! stoop, boys : this gate
 Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
 To morning's holy office : the gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.— Hail, thou fair heaven !
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : up to yond hill,
 Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off ;
 And you may then revolve what tales I've told you
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd : to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check,
 Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance ; traveling a-bed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :

We are beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat :
Our valor is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor ; which dies i' the search
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act ; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure : — O boys, this story
The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off : then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor !

Bel. My fault being nothing, — as I've told you oft, —
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world :
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the mountains !
This is not hunters' language : — he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

Beyond self-explication : put thyself
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleed-
ing in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from
proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect
my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me,
if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let
thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee
opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for
the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make
me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor,
and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favor's good enough.— Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him :
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
 And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripp'd :— to pieces with me !— O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy ; not born where't grows,
 But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True-honest men being heard, like false Æneas
 Were, in his time, thought false ; and Simon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthúmus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
 From thy great fail.— Come, fellow, be thou honest :
 Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience : look !
 I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
 Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it : do his bidding ; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause ;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's : 'gainst self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart :—
 Something's afore't :— soft, soft ! we'll no defense ;
 Obedient as the scabbard.— What is here ?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
 All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers : though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.— Prithee, dispatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretense ? this place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labor ?
The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment ; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I've heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd :

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursèd injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so : you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo.

Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis.

If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing, Cloten,—
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis.

If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo.

Where then ?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't ;
In a great pool a swan's nest : prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis.

I'm most glad

You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view ; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus,— so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo.

O, for such means !

Thought peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis.

Well, then, here's the point :

You must forget to be a woman ; change

Command into obedience ; fear and niceness —
 The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self — into a waggish courage ;
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrelous as the weasel ; nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it — but, O, the harder heart !
 Alack, no remedy ! — to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
 Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo.

Nay, be brief :

I see into thy end, and am almost

A man already.

Pis.

First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit —

'Tis in my cloak-bag — doublet, hat, hose, all

That answer to them : would you, in their serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow

From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him

Wherein you're happy, — which you'll make him know,

If that his head have ear in music, — doubtless

With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honorable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,

You have me, rich ; and I will never fail

Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo.

Thou'rt all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away :

There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even

All that good time will give us : this attempt

I'm soldier to, and will abide it with

A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,

Here is a box ; I had it from the queen :

What's in't is precious ; if you're sick at sea,

Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,

And fit you to your manhood : — may the gods

Direct you to the best !

Imo.

Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so, farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.—

Madam, all joy befall your grace and yours !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honor in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.— Happiness !

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honors us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day : she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty :
We've noted it.— Call her before us ; for
We've been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthúmus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.

[Exit Cloten.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown—
To her desir'd Posthúmus: gone she is
To death or to dishonor; and my end

Can make good use of either : she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son !

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king : he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*aside*] All the better : may
This night forestall him of the coming day ! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her : for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore : but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthúmus, slanders to her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd ; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall —

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here ? What, are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither : ah, you precious pander ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !—

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain, I
Will have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord !—

Clo.

All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is at once,
 At the next word,—no more of “worthy lord ;”
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis.

Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo.

Let's see't.—I will pursue her
 Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*aside*]

Or this, or perish.

She's far enough ; and what he learns by this
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo.

Hum !

Pis. [*aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imo-
 gen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return agen !

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
 wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo
 those employments wherein I should have cause to use
 thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villafny soe'er
 I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would
 think thee an honest man ; thou shouldst neither want my
 means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? — for since patiently and con-
 stantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar
 Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude,
 but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand ; here's my purse. Hast any of
 thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he
 wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hith-
 er : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven ! — forgot to ask him
 one thing ; I'll remember't anon : — even there, thou vil-
 lain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments

were come. She said upon a time — the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart — that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : first kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valor, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,— which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,— to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven ?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous and true, preferment shall tender itself to thee.— My revenge is now at Milford ; would I had wings to follow it !— Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.— To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st.— Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings on her !— This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness ; labor be his meed ! *[Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Wales ; before the cave of* BEL-
ARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one : I've tir'd myself ; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.— Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, 'Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think

Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
 I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true : to lapse in fullness
 Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars.— My dear lord !
 Thou'rt one o' the false ones : now I think on thee
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.— But what is this ?
 Here is a path to't : 'tis some savage hold ;
 I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.— Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take or lend. Ho !— No answer ? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens ! [Goes into the cave.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast : Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant ; 'tis our match :
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savory ; weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down-pillow hard.— Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll browse on that,
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay ; come not in.
[Looking into the cave.]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,

An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not :
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took : good troth,
I have stol'n naught ; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat :
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
And 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offense.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom :—in honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours : most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they

Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
 That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to the lark, less
 welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ,—
 That since the common men are now in action
 Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business. He creates
 Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commends
 His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen.

Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Britain. Wales : the forest near the cave of
BELARIUS.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather — saving reverence of the word — for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,— for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer ; in his own chamber, I mean,— the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions : yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces before her face : and all this done, spurn her home to her father ; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage ; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe : out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. Before the cave of* BELARIUS.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. [to Imogen] You are not well : remain here in the cave ;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [to Imogen] Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick : so please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me ; society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ! how !

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
" My father, not this youth."

Bel. [aside] O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.— So please you, sir.

Imo. [*aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard !

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court :

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

Th' imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick : — Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field ! —

We'll leave you for this time ; go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen into the cave.*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! he cut our roots in characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh, — as if the sigh

Was that it was for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience !

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. "Those runagates"! Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he.—We're held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clo. Soft!—What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I've heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing More slavish did I ne'er than answering A "slave" without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art, Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base, Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal, Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet, My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; I'm loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief, Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it : were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear,— the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads :
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : — long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favor
Which then he wore, the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I'm absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.— But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN'S head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I'm perfect what, cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore

With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads where — thank the gods! — they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We're all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
Was nothing but mutation,— ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing --
As it is like him — might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!— Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his color
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his arms.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbor in? — Thou blessèd thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! —
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, or some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv.

With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it; then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak ;
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renown'd be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We've done our obsequies : come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but 'bout midnight, more :
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.— Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
 The ground that gave them first has them again :
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is
 the way? —

I thank you.— By yond bush? — Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet? —

I've gone all night : — faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow : — O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man, the care on't.— I hope I dream ;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis not so ;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes : our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear : but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man! — The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of's leg : this is his hand ;

His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;

The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face —

Murder in heaven? — How — 'Tis gone.— Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.— To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forgèd letters,— damn'd Pisanio —

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main-top! — O Posthumus! alas,

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

And left thy head on.— How should this be? Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten : malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's: O!—
 Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

[Throws herself on the body.]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.— Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
 I fast and pray'd for their intelligence,— thus;
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy south to this part of the west
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends —
 Unless my sins abuse my divination --
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false.— Soft, ho! what trunk is here
 Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
 It was a worthy building.— How! a page! —
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
 For nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord,

Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body.— Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes ; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing ; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain : — alas !
There is no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding : say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.— [*Aside*] If I do lie, and
do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.— Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name,
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul for me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, — as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;

And rather father thee than master thee.—

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave : come, arm him.— Boy, he is preferr'd

By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in CYMBELINE'S palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son ; [Exit an Attendant.
A madness, of which her life's in danger,—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will : but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.—
[To Pisanio.] We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,

Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're
ready :

The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.— Away !

[*Exeunt all except Pisanio.*]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain : 'tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all :— the heavens still must work.
Wherein I'm false I'm honest ; not true, to be true :
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Wales : before the cave of BEL-
ARIUS.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure ?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us ? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.

To the king's party there's no going : newness
Of Cloten's death — we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands — may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd ; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : what thing is it that I never
Did see man die ! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison !
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ! I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,

I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans !

Arr. So say I,— Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys !
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.— [*Aside*] The time seems long ; their blood
thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman Camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be color'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little !— O Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond but to do just ones.— Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this : so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own : do your best wills,
And make me bless'd t' obey !— I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose :— I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight

Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valor in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion,—less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the British and Roman camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, and the Roman Army ; from the other side, the British Army ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I've belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me ; or could this carl,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods and honors, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues ; the Britons fly ; CYMBELINE is taken : then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have th' advantage of the
 ground ;
 The lane is guarded : nothing routs us but
 The villainy of our fears.
Gui., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight !

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and all exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,— lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
“Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that

Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
 But to look back in frown : stand, stand ! ” — These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many, —
 For three performers are the file when all
 The rest do nothing, — with this word, “ Stand, stand, ”
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, — which could have turn’d
 A distaff to a lance, — gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew’d ; that some, turn’d coward
 But by example, — O, a sin in war,
 Damn’d in the first beginners ! — gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o’ th’ hunters. Then began
 A stop i’ the chaser, a retire ; anon
 A rout, confusion-thick : forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop’d eagles ; slaves,
 The strides they victors made : and now our cowards —
 Like fragments in hard voyages — became
 The life o’ the need : having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound !
 Some slain before ; some dying ; some their friends
 O’er-borne i’ the former wave : ten, chas’d by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would die or e’er resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o’ the field.

Lord.

This was strange chance, —

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon’t,
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
 “ Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv’d the Britons, was the Romans’ bane.”

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post.

’Lack, to what end ?

Who dares not stand his foe, I’ll be his friend ;
 For if he’ll do as he is made to do,
 I know he’ll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You’ve put me into rhyme.

Lord.

Farewell ; you’re angry.

Post. Still going ?

[*Exit Lord.*]

This is a lord ! O noble misery !

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day how many would have given their honors
 T' have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
 For being now a favorer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I've resum'd again
 The part I came in: fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take: for me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear agen,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken:
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave th' affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:
 But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!—
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his ser-
 vice

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
 ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, and Roman Cap-
 tives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to
 CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a
 Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A prison.*

[Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.]

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;

So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.]*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,

Then free for ever! Is't enough I'm sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement: that's not my desire:

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;—

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds;—O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence.

[Sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as in apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them; then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies :
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw ?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law :
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes ;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Molded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock't
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' th' other's villainy ?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we come,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honor to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then, Jupiter, thou 'king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolors turn'd ?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help ;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting
upon an eagle : he throws a thunderbolt. The
Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering bank of flowers ;
Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;
No care of yours it is ; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.— Rise, and fade !—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine :
 And so, away ! no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof.— Away ! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and
 begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers : but — O scorn !—
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born :
 And so I am awake.— Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favor dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.— But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favors ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise. [*Reads.*]

“ Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of
 tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be

lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be

directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news,—I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same.* CYMBELINE'S tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
 Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
 But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
 But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
 The heir of his reward ; which I will add
 To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
 [To *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, *Arviragus*.
 By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are : — report it.

Bel. Sir,
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
 Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
 Unless I add we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
 Arise my knights o' the battle : I create you
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. — Why so sadly
 Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
 And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
 To sour your happiness, I must report
 The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
 Would this report become ? But I consider
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life
 Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
 I will report, so please you : these her women
 Can trip me, if I err ; who with wet cheeks
 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
 Affected greatness got by you, not you :

Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this ;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ? — Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you : in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show ; yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS
behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be pleas'd with slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous-diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him :
His favor is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say " Live, boy : " ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my county and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no : alack,
There's other work in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The body disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more : think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.— What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [*aside*] 'Tis my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on

To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.— [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you
forth:

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.— On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*aside*] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym.

How! me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel; [thee,
Whom thou did'st banish; and—which more may grieve
As it doth me — a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.*Iach.*

That paragon, thy daughter —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember — Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where! —'twas at a feast,— O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head! — the good Posthúmus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—

Cym.

I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Iach.

All too soon I shall, ·
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.— This Posthúmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not disparising whom we prais'd,— therein
He was as calm as virtue,— he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chasity — there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design : — well may you, sir,
Remember me at court ; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent :
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad.
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet, —
O cunning, how I got it ! — nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon —
Methinks, I see him now —

Post. [*Coming forward*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend ! — Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come ! — O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious : it is I
That all th' abhorrèd things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am *Posthúmus*,
That kill'd thy daughter : — villain-like, I lie ;

That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't : — the temple
 Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus ; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas ! — O Imogen !
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear —

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help !
 Mine and your mistress ! — O, my lord Posthúmus !
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help ! —
 Mine honor'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;
 Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing : I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods ! —

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest : " If Pisanio
 Have," said she, " given his mistress that confection
 Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
 As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
 To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
 The satisfaction of her knowledge only

In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life ; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.— Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel.

My boys,

There was our error.

Gui.

This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you ?

Think that you are upon a rock ; and now

Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post.

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die !

Cym.

How now, my flesh, my child !

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?

Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo.

Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not ;

You had a motive for't. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

Cym.

My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo.

I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was

That we meet here so strangely : but her son

Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis.

My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feign'd letter of my master's

Then in my pocket ; which directed him

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate.

My lady's honor ; what became of him
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one : the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law ; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone ;
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then! —
By leave, — thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offense, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes —
For such and so they are — these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world: —
The benediction of these covering heavens

Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children :
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son : he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.— Bless'd pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !— O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I've got two worlds by't.— O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !
When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which

Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
 Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;
 And all the other by-dependencies,
 From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
 Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
 Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
 Each object with a joy; the counterchange
 Is severally in all.—Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 [To Belarius] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee
 ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
 Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The fórlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [Kneeling.
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
 Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
 The power that I have on you is to spare you;

The malice towards you to forgive you : live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd !
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.— Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer : as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus.—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*reads*] “ Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to him-
self unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years,
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much :

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous
daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier* : [*To Posthumus*] which *mulier* I
divine

Is thy most constant wife ; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth ; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin : — and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd ; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crook'd smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's-town march :
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there ! — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples,	Master of a ship, Boatswain,
FERDINAND, his son.	and Mariners.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.	STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke	CALIBAN, a savage and de-
of Milan.	formed slave.
ANTONIO, his brother, the	MIRANDA, daughter to Pros-
usurping Duke of Milan.	pero.
GONZALO, an honest old coun-	ARIEL, an airy spirit.
selor.	IRIS,
ADRIAN, }	CERES,
FRANCISCO, } lords.	JUNO,
TRINCULO, a jester.	Nymphs,
	Reapers,

} presented by spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—*On board a ship at sea ; afterwards various parts of an island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea : a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Enter Master and Boatswain severally.

Mast. Boatswain !

Boats. Here, master : what cheer ?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to't yarely, o we run ourselves a-ground : bestir, bestir. [Exit

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail ! Tend to the master's

whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*] — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarsers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counselor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:— This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within*,—"Mercy on us!"—

"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—

"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"]

[*Exit Boatswain.*]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of PROSPERO.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
 No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
 There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,— who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
 Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magic garment from me.— So :

[*Lays down his robe.*
 Lie there, my art.— Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort,
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such prevision in mine art
 So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
 No, not so much perdition as an hair
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
 For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
 Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me ?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time ?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan ; thou his only heir,
A princess,— no worse issu'd.

Mir. O the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessèd was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, further.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,— that a brother should
Be so perfidious ! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,

And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel : those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
To trash for over-topping,— new-created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new-form'd 'em ; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear ; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,— like one
Who having into truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,— he did believe
He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative :— hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable ; confederates —
So dry he was for sway — with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, — alas, poor Milan ! —
The most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens !

Pros. Mark his condition, and th' event ; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises, —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother : whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the practice, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity !
I, not remembering how I cried on't then,
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's ; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pros. Well demanded, wench :
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not, —
So dear the love my people bore me, — nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infusèd with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us ; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pros. Now I arise :—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray you,
sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,— your reason
For raising the sea-storm ?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star, whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions :
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 'tis a good dullness,
 And give it way :— I know thou canst not choose.—
[Miranda sleeps.]
 Come away, servant, come ! I'm ready now :
 Approach, my Ariel ; come !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task
 Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

Ari. To every article.
 I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement ; sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not : the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit !
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
 Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, " Hell is empty,
 And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this night shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I've left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt ~~sun~~ and
now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now, moody!

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari.

I prithee

Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros.

Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari.

No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari.

I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak;
tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.*Pros.*

O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,

And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born — not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pros. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !

What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

Pros. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea :
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't : hence with diligence !

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

Mir. [*waking*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on ;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.— What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [within] There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business for
thee :

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st here first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:—
Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! — would't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language !

Pros. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with achès, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.—
[*Aside*] I must obey : his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave ; hence !

[*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;

Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—

The wild waves whist,—

Foot it featly here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?

It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again,

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mir. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give.
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you've done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I sighed for : pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way !

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir ! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They're both in either's powers : but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.— One word more ; I charge thee
That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.—[*To Fer.*
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.— Come ;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No ;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What, I say,
My fool my tutor ! — Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father ! —

Pros. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. **What,**
 An advocate for an impostor! hush!
 Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
 To the most of men this is a Caliban,
 And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
 Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey: [To *Fer.*
 Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
 And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
 My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a-day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*aside*] It works.—Come on.—[To *Fer.*
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—[To *Fer.*
 Hark what thou else shalt do me. [To *Ariel.*

Mir. Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds: but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
 ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause—
 So have we all—of joy; for our escape

Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by
and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One :—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed : you have spoken
truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first
begins to crow ?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done ! The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match !

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha !—So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True ; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,— which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow ! a pox o' that ! How came that widow in ? widow Dido !

Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too ? Good Lord, how you take it !

Adr. Widow Dido, said you ? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage !

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alon. Ay!

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran.

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon.

No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon.

Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,

By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever ; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them : the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather !

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do ?

Seb. Scápe being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too,— but innocent and pure ;
No sovereignty,—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle,—whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible; solemn music playing.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th' occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so; to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant.

Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,—
 Who shall be of as little memory
 When he is earth'd,—hath here almost persuaded,—
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,—
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
 As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb.

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant.

O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is
 Another way so high a hope that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me
 That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb.

He's gone.

Ant.

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples ?

Seb.

Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis ; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
 The man-i'-the-moon's too slow, till new-born chins
 Be rough and razorable ; she from whom
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again ;
 And, by that destiny, to perform an act
 Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,
 In yours and my discharge.

Seb.

What stuff is this ! — How say you ?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis ;
 So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
 There is some space.

Ant.

A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, " How shall that Claribel
 Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,
 And let Sebastian wake ! " — Say, this were death
 That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were no worse
 Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
 As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate
 As amply and unnecessarily
 As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
And look how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater than before : my brother's servants
Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,—

Ant. Ay, sir ; and where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent ; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,— to keep thee living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take,
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake, awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. [waking] Now, good angels
Preserve the king !— [To *Seb.* and *Ant.*] Why, how
now !— [To *Alon.*] Ho, awake !—
[To *Seb.* and *Ant.*] Why are you drawn ? wherefore this
ghastly looking ?

Alon. [waking] What's the matter ?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?
It struck mine ear most terribly

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :
I shak'd you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn : — there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard.
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts !
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away. [Exit with the others.]

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done :—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em : but
For every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.— Lo, now, lo !
Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;
Perchance he will not mind me. [*Lies down.*]

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing
i' the wind : yond same black cloud, yond huge one,
looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If
it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to
hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall
by pailfuls.— What have we here ? a man or a fish ? dead
or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient
and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-
John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool
there but would give a piece of silver : there would this
monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a
man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged
like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my
troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—
this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered

by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*]

Enter STEPHANO, *singing*; *a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margary,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savor of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune, too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Inde, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt;
Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*Gives Cal. drink*]: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again [*Gives Cal. drink*].

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O, defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his age.—[*Gives Cal. drink.*] Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws Trin. out by the legs from under Caliban's garment.*]—Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the

storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book [*Gives Trin. drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

Cal. I've seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents—swear.

[*Gives Cal. drink.*]

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afraid of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'-the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss. [Gives Cal. drink.]

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban

Has a new master — Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. V

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,—
And he's compos'd of harshness ! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labor ;
Most busiless when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO behind.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself :
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it

With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours 'tis 'gainst.

Pros. [*aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected ;
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda :— O my father,
I've broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !
Indeed the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best !

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I'm skillless of ; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,— I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king,—
I would not so !— and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer tamely
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pros. [*aside*] Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;

And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*]

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, *with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me ; — when the butt is out, we will drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em. — Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters,

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are almost set in thy head. [*Caliban drinks.*]

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me : I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie, like dogs ; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor ? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou debauched fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ?

Trin. " Lord," quoth he ! — that a monster should be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head : if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree ! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! — Thou scurvy patch! — I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone, He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that [*Strikes Trin.*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack

and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wesand with thy knife: remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I:—burn but his books. He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—Which, when he has a house, he'll deck't withal: And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman, But only Sycorax my dam and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure: Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.

— Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em ;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.]

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee.— Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometime a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away ; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.— I would I could see this taborer ! he lays it on.— Wilt come ?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache : here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders ! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he's so out of
hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. [*aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh,

Seb. [*aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night : no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

Alon. What harmony is this ? — My good friends, hark !

Gon. Marvelous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter, below, several
strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance
about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and,
inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! — What were
these ?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders, —
For, certes, these are people of the island, —

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
 Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
 Our human generation you shall find
 Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [aside] Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —
 Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [aside] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
 They've left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs. —
 Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
 Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find
 Each putter-out of one for five will bring us
 Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
 Although my last : no matter, since I feel
 The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
 Stand to, and do as we,

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy ;
claps his wings upon the table ; and, with a
quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, —
 That hath to instrument this lower world
 And what is in't, — the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this island,
 Where man doth not inhabit, — you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I've made you mad ;
 And even with such-like valor men hang and drown
 Their proper selves. [*Alon., Seb., &c., draw their*
swords.]

You fools ! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate : the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers
 Are alike invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
 For that's my business to you,—that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce, by me,
 Lingerin' perdition — worse than any death
 Can be at once — shall step by step attend
 You and your ways ; whose wrath to guard you from,—
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's-sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the
 Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows,
 and carry out the table.*

Pros. [aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
 thou

Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is drown'd,—
 And his and mine lov'd darling. *[Exit above.]*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand
 you

In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after,
 Now gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy
 May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt,

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends; for I
 Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live: who once again
 I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
 And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
 Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now,— the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust ; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founde'r'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master ? no ?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw

To the fire i' the blood ; be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow !

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !—
No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [Soft music.

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep
Thy banks with peonèd and lilièd brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom-
groves,

Whose shadow the dismissèd bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipped vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air ;— the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plòt, in this very place,
To come and sport :— her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ;— why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir,
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mir. We wish your peace.

Pros. [to *Ariel*] Come with a thought !—I thank ye
 [*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*].—*Ariel*, come !

Re-enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?

Pros. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,
 I thought t' have told thee of it ; but I fear'd
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;
 So full of valor that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
 Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
 I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. {*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALI-
BAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
not
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss ; at which my
nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster ? If I should
take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speak softly ; —
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is
your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for
my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano ! look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O King Stephano !

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo : by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool ! what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's along,
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers : help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about,
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey !

Ari. Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

Pros. Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark, hark !

[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews
With agèd cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar !

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom ; for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of PROSPERO.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all are prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, " The good old lord, Gonzalo ; "
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them. Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid —
Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, — which even now I do, —
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.— The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.— O thou good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.— Most cruelly.
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.—
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.— Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:— Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit Ariel.*
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:— quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL; who sings while helping to attire PROSPERO.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;
But yet thou shalt have freedom : — so, so, so, —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabit here : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whèr thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave —
An if this be at all — a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. — But how should Prospero
Be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all : —

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords,
 were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
 And justify you traitors : at this time
 I'll tell no tales.

Seb. [aside] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest faults,—all of them ; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation ;
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost —
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is ! —
 My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I'm woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
 You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
 And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, supportable
 To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
 Than you may call to comfort you ; for I
 Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter !
 O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire,
 That they devour their reason, and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath : but, howso'er you have
 Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke

Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
 This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you've given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing ;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much as me my dukedom.

The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :
 I've curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to Alon.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about !
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O, wonder !
 How many goodly creatures are there here !
 How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
 That has such people in't !

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at
 play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
 And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;
 But by immortal Providence she's mine :
 I chose her when I could not ask my father

For his advice, nor thought I had one. **She**
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pros. There, sir, stop :

Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. — Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown !
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy ! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars, — In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [to *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be't so ! Amen !

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company ; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split —

Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*aside to Ari.*] My tricky spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.— Say, how came you hither ?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapp'd under hatches ;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd ; straightway, at liberty :
When we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master
Capering to eye her : on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [*aside to Pros.*] Was't well done ?

Pros. [*aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt
be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of : some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you —
Which to you shall seem probable — of every
These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.— [*Aside to Ari.*] Come
hither, spirit :
Set Caliban and his companions free ;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] — How fares my gracious
sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio, bully-monster; coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinched to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !

Pros. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which — part of it — I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,— the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnizèd ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.— [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel,—
chick,—

That is thy charge : then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !— Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,

I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.	GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to
CARDINAL WOLSEY.	Queen Katharine.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.	Three Gentlemen.
CAPUCIUS, ambassador from	DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to
the Emperor Charles V.	the King.
CRANMER, archbishop of Can-	Garter King-at-Arms.
terbury.	Surveyor to the Duke of Buck-
DUKE OF NORFOLK.	ingham.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.	Arms.
EARL OF SURREY.	Door-keeper of the Council-
Lord Chamberlain.	chamber. Porter, and his
Lord Chancellor.	Man.
GARDINER, king's secretary,	Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
afterwards bishop of Win-	
chester.	
Bishop of Lincoln.	QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to
LORD ABERGAVENNY.	King Henry, afterwards di-
LORD SANDS.	vorced.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.	ANNE BULLEN, her maid of
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.	honor, afterwards queen.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.	An old Lady, friend to Anne
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.	Bullen,
Secretaries to Wolsey.	PATIENCE, woman to Queen
CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.	Katharine.
Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-shows ;	
Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers,	
Guards, and other Attendants.	

Spirits.

SCENE—*Chiefly in London and Westminster ; once at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh : things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree
 The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
 A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd ; for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring,
 To make that only true we now intend,
 Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see
 The very persons of our noble story
 As they were living ; think you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery :
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK ; on the other,
 the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and the
 Lord ABERGAVENNY.*

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
 Since last we saw in France ?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its : to-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India ; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting : now this masque
Was cried incomparable ; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns —
For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of's self-drawing web, he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,— let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, t' appoint

Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honorable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,— That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like't your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honor and plenteous safety,— that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not

A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse borne before him; certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.

*The Cardinal in his passage fixes his eye on
BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on
him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Wolsey and Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full hot-horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming t' augment it wastes it ? Be advis'd :
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I'm thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't ; and make my vouch as
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't ; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified
As he cried, " Thus let be : " to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead : but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—

Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To th' old dam, treason,— Charles the emperor,
 Under pretense to see the queen his aunt,—
 For 'twas indeed his color, but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,— here makes visitation :
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt
 England and France might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him : he privily
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd ; — but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know —
 As soon he shall by me — that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two
 or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham and Earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure
 You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing

To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To Aberga-*
venny] The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the
Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers,
and Attendants. *The King enters leaning on*
the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council*
take their several places. The Cardinal places
himself under the King's feet, on his right side.]

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter Queen KATHARINE, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: — half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance; there have been commissions
Set down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master, —
Whose honor heaven shield from soil! — even he escapes
not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears, —
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretense for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; that their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best action. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honor sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen.

Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry't so
To make the scepter his: these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note

His dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant: and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath.

My learn'd lord cardinal,

Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen.

Speak on:

How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv.

He was brought to this

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Mén fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,— 'Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'"

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous
for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,

The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah-ha !
There's mischief in this man :— canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time :— being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.— But on ; what hence ?

Surv. “ If,” quoth he, “ I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,— I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.”

K. Hen. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Q. Kath. God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee ;
what say'st ?

Surv. After “ the duke his father,” with “ the knife,”
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor
Was,— were he evil us'd, ~~he~~ would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial : if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counselors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would
take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our
monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either —
For so run the conditions — leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honorable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, — as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, — renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord,— 'has wherewithal; in him
Springing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along.— Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The presence-chamber in York-Place.*

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. Enter, on one side,
ANNE BULLEN and divers Lords, Ladies, and
Gentlewomen, as guests ; on the other, enter
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As far's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you're tardy :

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? — Sir Harry,
Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is entering. — Nay, you must not freeze ;

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.— By your leave, sweet ladies :
[*Sits himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,—
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you're fairly seated.— Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes
his state.

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : this, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbors.—
Ladies, you are not merry :— gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers discharged, within.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war ye're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—

For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

Shall shine at full upon them.— Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and the tables are removed.*

You've now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and once more

I shower a welcome on ye; — welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me

To tell your grace,— that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol.

Say, lord chamberlain,

They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee ! [Music. Dance.

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :—

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,

There is indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ;— here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. Ye've found him, cardinal : [Unmasking.

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,

Prithee, come hither : what fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,—

The Viscount Rochford,— one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.— Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you [*Kisses her*].— A health, gentlemen !
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one : — sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you : — let's be merry : —
Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor. — Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast ?

Sec. Gent. O, — God save ye !
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there ?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty ?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent. I'm sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it ?

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on th' examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :
At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,

Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies ?

First Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to
hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,— he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not,—
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep-envious one.

First Gent. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,— whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble-ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; tipstaves
before him ; the ax with the edge towards him ;
halberds on each side : with him Sir THOMAS
LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WIL-
LIAM SANDS, and common people.*

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die : yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death ;
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice :
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me I cannot take peace with : no black envy
Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him

You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,— both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.— I've done ; and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

First Gent. O, this is full of pity ! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal ;

And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

Sec. Gent. I think you've hit the mark: but is't not
cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this;

Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your ladyship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:

He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league
 'Tween us and th' emperor, the queen's great-nephew,
 He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
 Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
 Fears, and despairs,— and all these for his marriage :
 And out of all these to restore the king,
 He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her
 That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
 About his neck, yet never lost her luster ;
 Of her that loves him with that excellence
 That angels love good men with ; even of her
 That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
 Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ? [true

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most
 These news are every where ; every tongue speaks 'em,
 And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare
 Look into these affairs see this main end,—
 The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
 This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
 And heartily, for our deliverance ;
 Or this imperious man will work us all
 From princes into pages : all men's honors
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
 Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
 I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
 Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
 To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
 And with some other business put the king
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him :—
 My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
 The king has sent me otherwise : besides,
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
 Health to your lordships !

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain. Norfolk opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.]

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who's there, ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I, ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offenses
 Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
 Is business of estate ; in which we come
 To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye're too bold :
 Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
 Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there ? my good lord cardinal ? — O my Wolsey,
 The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
 Thou art a cure fit for a king. — *[To Campeius]* You're welcome,

Most learnèd reverend sir, into our kingdom :
 Use us and it. — *[To Wolsey]* My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
 I would your grace would give us but an hour
 Of private conference.

K. Hen. *[to Norfolk and Suffolk]* We are busy ; go.

Nor. *[aside to Suf.]* This priest has no pride in him !

Suf. *[aside to Nor.]* Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick though for his place :
 But this cannot continue.

Nor. *[aside to Suf.]* If it do,
 I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. *[aside to Nor.]* I another.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
 Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean the learnèd ones, in Christian kingdoms
 Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgment,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,—
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves :
 They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission ; — by whose virtue —
 The court of Rome commanding — you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
 In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. — Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law, —
 Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favor
 To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,
 Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand : much joy
 and favor to you ;
 You are the king's now.

Gard. [*aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber in the Queen's
apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old LADY.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that
pinches:—

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than

'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,— after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of a woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a
queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made : pluck off a little ;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that.— Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to
know
The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,

I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
 The king hath of you.— [*Aside*] I've perus'd her well ;
 Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,
 That they have caught the king : and who knows yet
 But from this lady may proceed a gem
 To lighten all this isle ? — I'll to the king,
 And say I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honor'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in court,—
 Am yet a courtier beggarly,— nor could
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late
 For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !
 A very fresh-fish here,— fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune ! — have your mouth fill'd up
 Before you open't.

Anne.

This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.

There was a lady once — 'tis an old story —
 That would not be a queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in Egypt : — have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.*Old L.*

With your theme, I could

O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !
 A thousand pounds a year — for pure respect !
 No other obligation ! By my life,
 That promises more thousands : honor's train
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
 I know your back will bear a duchess : — say,
 Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne.

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
 And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
 If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
 In our long absence : pray, do not deliver
 What here you've heard to her.

Old L.

What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV, *The same. A hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and Saint ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the hall.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,— glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment ; Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before : it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel

I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice,—these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you defer the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any : how far I've proceeded,

Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-
mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility ; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual : that again
I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't : 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return.— Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!— Pray you, pass on :
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone—
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out—
The queen of earthly queens :— she's noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol.

Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,— for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,— whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you — but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady — spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd :
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,

The passages made toward it : — on my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention : —
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came ; — give heed
to't : —

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he —
I mean the bishop — did require a respite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than
The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them : hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me : then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well —
By all the reverend fathers of the land

And doctors learn'd : — first I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long : be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,— that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt ;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave
To make this present summons : — unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court ;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward :
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. [*aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return : with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.— Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Palace at Bridewell: a room in the Queen's apartment.*

The Queen and some of her Women at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favor?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol.

Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife:

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-sus-
picious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake,—
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed—
And service to his majesty and you—
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,—
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honor'd madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*aside*] To betray me.—
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
 Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so !—
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,—
 More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business,
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless !

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
 fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
 But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
 Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
 And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;
 He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much
 Both for your honor better and your cause ;
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin :

Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
 Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam.

Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye : holy men I thought
 ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye ;
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
 I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors ! Would you have me —
 If you have any justice, any pity,
 If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
 Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,—
 His love, too long ago ! I'm old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

Cam.

Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true one ?
 A woman — I dare say, without vain-glory —
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king ? lov'd him next heav'n ? obey'd him ?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honor,— a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye've angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[To her Women] Alas, poor wenches, where are now
your fortunes !
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ;
Almost no grave allow'd me :—like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it :
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle-noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;
Beware you lose it not : for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, for-
give me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Ante-chamber to the King's
apartment in the palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK,
the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncondemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me I know ;
What we can do to him,— though now the time
Gives way to us,— I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true :
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death : the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have't.

Sur. Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's !

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried "Ha!" at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.—
The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the papers?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke :

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something,

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord on's heart !

Suf. The king, the king !

Enter the King, reading a schedule, and LOVELL.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by th' hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,—
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him : some strange commotion
 Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight
 Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts
 His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
 We've seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be ;
 There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd : and wot you what I found
 There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will :
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
 Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering.

[*Takes his seat, and whispers Lovell,
 who goes to Wolsey.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me ! —
 Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
 You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
 To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time ; a time
 To think upon the part of business which

I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [aside] What should this mean ?

Sur. [aside to the others.] The Lord increase this
business !

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors : — my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities : mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor underserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honor of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,

The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more
On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be,—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him papers.*]
And after, this : and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit, frowning upon Wolsey: the Nobles throng
after him, smiling and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
This paper has undone me : — 'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king ? — Is there no way to cure this ?
No new device to beat this from his brains ?
I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again.— What's this? — “To the
Pope”!

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands
you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,—

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,— know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded,— envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king—
Mine and your master— with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:— now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals —
With thee and all thy best parts bound together —
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succor, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honor ;
That I in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.— My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the king : your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,— as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life : — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.— Have
at you !

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance —
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, —
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little-good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy,—too much honor:
 O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of
 it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks —
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel —
 T' endure more miseries and greater far
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden:
 But he's a learn'd man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !—
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord árchbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I've told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's : then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr. Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent.

So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
 behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter
 The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd
sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,
I'm sure, have shown at full their royal minds —
As, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward —
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honor.

First Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those
customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; 'to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learnèd men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent. Alas, good lady! —

[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, *with the purse and mace before him.*
3. Choristers, *singing.* [Music.]
4. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. Marquess DORSET, *bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. Duke of SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—
Who's that that bears the scepter?

First Gent.

Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman.—That should be
The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent.

'Tis the same,—high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

First Gent.

Yes.

Sec. Gent. [looking on the Queen] Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady :
I cannot blame his conscience.

First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honor o'er her are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy ; and so are all are
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars in-
deed.

First Gent. And sometimes falling ones.

Sec. Gent. No more of that.

[Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir ! where have you been
broiling ?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' th' abbey ; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony ?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it ?

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent.

But what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As, holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

First Gent.

Sir,

You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent.

I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent.

What two reverend bishops
Where those that went on each side of the queen?

Third Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner; the one of Win-
chester,

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.

Sec. Gent.

He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent.

All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent.

Thōmas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.*Third Gent.*

Yes, without all doubt.—

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both.

You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, dowager, sick ; led between GRIF-
FITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace ?*Kath.*

O Griffith, sick to death !

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair : —
So,— now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif.

Well, the voice goes, madam :

For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward —
As a man sorely tainted — to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath.

Alas, poor man.

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his covent, honorably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,— “ O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! ”
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still : and, three nights after this,
After the hour of eight,— which he himself
Foretold should be his last,— full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,— yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art; and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor : peace be with him !—
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee.— Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep : good wench, let's sit down quiet,
L'or fear we wake her :— softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces ; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which the other four make reverent courtesies ; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order ; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garlands with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave ;
They're harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases.]

Pat. [aside to *Grif.*] Do you note.
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy color ? Mark her eyes !

Grif. [aside to *Pat.*] She's going, wench : pray, pray.

Pat. [aside to *Grif.*] Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behavior : go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from th' emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same,—your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap.

Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap.

Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to Katharine.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king; —

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter, —
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her! —
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding; —
She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well; — and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow, —
And now I should not lie, — but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men; — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me; —

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over, to remember me by :
 If heaven had pleas'd t' have given me longer life
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents : — and, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.— Mine eyes grow dim.— Farewell,
 My lord.— Griffith, farewell.— Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;
 Call in more women.— When I'm dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honor : strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
 Then lay me forth ; although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more. *[Exeunt, leading Katharine.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A gallery in the palace.*

Enter GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas !

Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I most to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offense belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk —
As they say spirits do — at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labor,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labor end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd

To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day —
Sir, I may tell it you, I think — I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is —
For so I know he is, they know he is —
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, — of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, — 'hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King and the Duke
of SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play, —
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*aside*]. This is about that which the bishop
spake:

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*]
Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*aside*] I am fearful: — wherefore frowns he
thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*kneeling*] It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. [*Cran. rises.*]
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I've news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us ; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [kneeling] I humbly thank your highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury :
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my halidom, [*Cran. rises.*
What manner of man are you ! My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and t' have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ! such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness', than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring [*Giving ring.*
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honor. God's bless'd mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has
strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. [*within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Low.

Sir?

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Lobby before the council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late ; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast ? what means this ? — Ho !
Who waits there ? — Sure, you know me ?

D. Keep.

Yes, my lord ;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. [*aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily : the king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit.

Cran. [*aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician : as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me —
God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice —
To quench mine honor : they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counselor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The King and BUTTS appear at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight —

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord ;
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :
Is this the honor they do one another ?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em —
At least, good manners — as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favor,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;
We shall hear more anon. [Curtain drawn.]

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary :
Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honors,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord árchbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good lord árchbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—
For so we are inform'd,— with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer —
Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honor — this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbors,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living —
I speak it with a single heart, my lords —
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
Envy and crookèd malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf.

Nay, my lord,

That cannot be : you are a counselor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you ;
You're always my good friend ; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful : I see your end,—
'Tis my undoing : love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition :
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favor, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honor mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favorer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord :— it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us :— are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other
Would you expect ? you're strangely troublesome.—
Let some o' the guard be ready there !

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?
Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I've a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring I take my cause [*Showing ring.*]
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him !
Would I were fairly out on't !

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man,— whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,—
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !

Enter the King, frowning on them ; he takes his seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honor ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.
To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—

[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the
proudest,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counselor to try him,
Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather —
If there be faith in men — meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—
I'm sure in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,— if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords! — My Lord of Canter-
bury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honor: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:
you shall have
Two noble partners with you; th' old Duchess of Norfolk,
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? —
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever." —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you

take the court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em.— I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible — Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot — You see the poor remainder — could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me: but if I spar'd any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door,— he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose

discharged against me ; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me, till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs !" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they came to the broomstaff with me ; I defied 'em still : when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let 'em win the work : the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still too : from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves ? — Ye've made a fine hand, fellows :
There's a trim rabble let in : are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honor
We are but men ; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done :
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect : ye're lazy knaves ;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ;
They're come already from the christening :

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Man.

You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!

Port. You i' the camlet,

Get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [*kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners and myself thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*Cranmer rises.—The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye've been too prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant — heaven still move about her ! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be —
But few now living can behold that goodness —
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her :
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him : — our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die, —
She must, the saints must have her, — yet a virgin ;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ! never before
This happy child did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —
I thank ye all. — To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding ;
I have receiv'd much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords : —
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;
She will be sick else. This day no man think
'Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We've frightened with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, " That's witty !"
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

A GLOSSARY

OF

UNUSUAL WORDS AND WORDS USED IN UNUSUAL
SENSES IN THE WORKS OF

SHAKESPEARE.

A

- abate**, to cast down in spirit; to blunt; to take away.
Abcee-book, an A-B-C-book.
abhor, not a mere word of passion, but a technical term in the canon law.
abide, to be accountable for.
able, to qualify or uphold.
abode, to forebode.
abridgment, a dramatic performance, the players, who represent an *abridgment*.
abrook, to brook.
absent, *time*, absence.
absolute, determined, positive.
abuse, to impose upon.
aby, the same as to *abide*.
accept, acceptance.
accite, to summon; to impel.
accomplish'd, *with*, attained to.
accordingly, proportionably.
acknown, acquainted with.
aconitum, aconite.
acture, action.
adamant, the magnet.
addiction, inclination.
addition, title, mark of distinction; exaggeration.
address, to prepare.
admiral, the chief ship of a fleet.
admittance, fashion.
advertise, to be conversant with.
advertisement, admonition.
advertising, attentive.
advice, consideration.
advised, deliberate; cautious.
affect, to love.
affect *the letter*, practice alliteration.
affection, imagination; sympathy; affectation.
affects, affections.
affeer'd, (a law-term) confirmed.
affin'd, joined by affinity.
affront, to encounter.
affy, to betroth; to confide.
agaz'd, aghast.
aggravate *his style*, add to his titles.
aglet-baby, a small image or head cut on the tag of a point or lace.
aglets, tags to laces; pendants or ornaments in head-dress.
agnize, to acknowledge.
a-good, heartily.
a-hold *lay her*, make a ship hold to the wind, and keep clear of land.
aim, conjecture. To cry *Aim!* to encourage, to give aim; to direct.
alder-liefest, dearest of all. "*Alder* is a corrupted, or at least modified form of the English genitive plural *aller* or *allre*; *liefest* is the superlative of *lief*, which means "dear."
ale, alehouse.
aleven, eleven.
a-life, excessively.
all amot, dejected.
All-hallown summer, late summer.
allicholy, blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *melancholy*.
alligant, blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *elegant*.
allow, to approve; to license; *the wind*, "stand to the leeward of me."
allowance, approbation.
all-thing, every way.

Amaimon, the name of a demon.
ames-ace, the lowest throw upon the dice.

amiss, misfortune; fault.

amort, See *all amort*.

anatomy, a skeleton.

anchor, an anchorite.

ancient, a standard bearer; a standard.

angel, bird of the air; a gold coin, highest value ten shillings.

night, by night.

anon, coming.

answer, retaliation.

anthropophaginian, a cannibal.

antres, caverns.

appaid, satisfied.

apparent, heir-apparent.

appeach, to impeach.

appeal, according to its most ancient signification, implies a reference by name to a charge or accusation, and an offer, or challenge, to support such charge by the ordeal of single combat.

apperil, peril.

apple-John, a sort of apple, considered to be in perfection when shriveled and withered.

apprehension, sarcasm.

approbation, proof; re-vitiate.

approof, approbation; proof.

approve, to prove; to confirm; to recommend to approbation.

apricock, an apricot.

aqua vitæ, a term for ardent spirits in general.

Aquilon, the North-wind.

Arabian bird, the phoenix.

arch, a chief.

argal, a vulgar corruption of the Latin word *ergo*.

Argier, the old name for Algiers.

argo, a vulgar corruption of the Latin word *ergo*.

argument, conversation; subject.

arm, take in one's arms.

aroint, "Begone!"

arras-counterpoints, counterpanes of arras.

arrose, to sprinkle.

art in, in theory.

article of great, of large comprehension.

articulate, to enter into articles; to exhibit in articles.

artificial, artful.

aspersion, a sprinkling.

"**as's**" of *great charge*. Here a quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *ass* the beast of burden.

assemblance, external aspect.

assinico, a silly, a stupid fellow.

assistance, assessors.

assum'd, reached; attained.

assurance to pass, to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called "The common assurances of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him.

assured, affianced.

atomies, atoms.

atomy (a corruption of *anatomy*), a skeleton.

atone, to reconcile; to unite.

attach, to arrest.

attaint, stain.

attask'd, blamed.

attent, attentive.

aunt, a good old dame; a cant term for a loose woman.

avised, for *advised*.

away with, to bear with.

awful banks, the proper limits of reverence.

awful men, men who reverence the laws and usages of society.

awkward, distorted.

awless, standing in awe of nothing; not revered.

ay me, the Italian *aimè*.

B

baccare, a cant exclamation signifying "Go back."

baffle, to use contemptuously.

Bajazet's mule, the allusion in this passage (where the original reads "mule") has not yet been explained.

baldrick, a belt.

balk'd, piled up in balks or ridges.

ballast, the contracted form of ballasted.

ballow, a cudgel.

balm, the oil of consecration.

Banbury cheese, a cream cheese, which was proverbially thin.

band, a bond.

ban-dogs, properly *band-dogs*, so called because on account of their fierceness they required to be bound or chained, and used more particularly for baiting bears.

bank'd their towns, means most probably "sailed past their towns on the banks of the river."

banquet, what we now call a *dessert*. "A *running banquet*, literally speaking, is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal*."

Barbason, the name of a demon : the same as "Marbas, alias *Barbas*."

barbed, equipped with military trappings.

barbermonger, a fop who deals much with barbers.

bare, mere and naked.

barful, full of impediments.

barm, yeast.

barn, a child.

barnacles, multivalve shell-fish ; anciently supposed to turn into a Solan goose ; sometimes supposed to grow on trees, and thence to drop into the sea, and become geese.

Barrabas, invariably made short in the second syllable by the poetical writers of Shakespeare's days.

base, *prison-base*, or *prison-bars*, —a rustic game.

base court, *basse-cour*, Fr.

bases, a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback.

basilisk, an imaginary creature (called also *cockatrice*), supposed to kill by its very look ; a huge piece of ordnance.

basta, enough.

bastard, a sweetish wine (approaching to the muscadel wine in flavor, and perhaps made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape).

bat, a cudgel.

bate, strife ; to flutter, to flap the wings, a term in falconry ; to except ; to blunt ; *breeding*, apt to cause strife.

batten, to grow fat.

bauble, the licensed Fool's or Jester's official scepter.

Bavian—*The*, The Baboon.

bavin wits, flashing wits, *Bavin* is a fagot of brushwood, but the word is used sometimes adjectively

bawbling, contemptible.

bawcock, a burlesque term of endearment, said to be derived from the French *beau coq*.

bay, a principal compartment or division in the architectural arrangement of a building.

bay, *curtal* : see *curtal*—*Bay*.

beadsman, one who prays for the welfare of another,—a prayerman.

beak, a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient galleys ; the forecastle or the boltsprit.

bear, to win : a *brain*, have a perfect remembrance ; *hard*, to have an unfavorable opinion of ; *in hand*, to amuse with false pretenses.

beat on, to be busy on.

beautified, beautiful.

beaver of a helmet, is frequently used by writers, improperly enough to express the helmet itself. It is in reality the lower part of it, adapted to the purpose of giving the wearer [by raising it up] an opportunity of taking breath when oppressed with heat, or, without putting off the helmet, of taking his repast.

becks, bows.

become, to adapt or render fit.

becoming, the power of setting-off.

Bedlam, see *Tom o' Bedlam*.

beg a person for a fool ; to apply to be his guardian under a writ *de idiota inquirendo*.

beguil'd, covered.

behave, to govern.

beldam, as a term of contempt,—a hag ; a grandmother.

be-lee'd, got the wind of.

be-mete, to be measured.

bemoiled, bemired.

benefit, a term of law ; beneficiary.

benison, blessing.

bent, the utmost degree of any passion or mental quality. The expression is derived from archery ; the bow has its *bent* when it is drawn as far as it can be.

Bergomask dance—a dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a county in Italy belonging to the Venetians.

Bermoothes, Bermudas.

beshrew, to curse, a mild form of imprecation.

besonian, properly means "a needy fellow, a beggar:" also used in the sense of "a raw or needy soldier;" eventually it became a term of reproach—"a knave, a scoundrel."

besort, to suit, train.

best, bravest.

bested—*Worse*, in a worse plight.

bestow, to carry, to lodge.

bestraught, distraught.

beteem, to give in streaming abundance; to suffer.
bettering, magnifying.
bevel, crooked.
bewray, to discover.
bias, swelled.
bid, endured.
bide *upon't*—*To*, "My abiding opinion is."
biggen, a cap for the head.
bilbo, a sword (so called from *Bilboa*, in Spain, which was famous for its manufacture of sword-blades).
bilboes, a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together; (derived from *Bilboa*).
bill, a sort of pike or halbert, or rather a kind of battle-ax affixed to a long staff, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen.
bin, been.
bird-bolt, a short thick arrow with a blunted extremity, for killing birds without piercing them.
birthdom, birthright.
bisson, blind.
bitter *sweeting*, an apple which has a compound taste of sweet and bitter.
Black-Monday, Easter-Monday.
blank, the white in the center of the butts.
blanks, a mode of extortion, by which blank papers were given to the agents of the crown, which they were to fill up as they pleased, to authorize the demands they chose to make.
blast in proof, burst in the trial.
bleared thine eyne, imposed upon you.
blenches, starts from rectitude.
blind-worm, a slow-worm.
blister'd breeches, breeches puffed, swelled out like blisters.
block, the hat itself; the shape or fashion of a hat.
blood, disposition, temperament, *to be in*, to be in good condition.
blood-boltered, besmeared with blood.
bloody, in or of the blood.
blow, to swell.
blubber'd, weeping; to blubber did not formerly convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does at present.
blue-bottle *rogue*, an allusion to

the dress of the beadle, which in Shakespeare's days was blue.
blue-caps, a name of ridicule given to the Scots, from their blue bonnets.
blue coats, the common dress of serving-men in Shakespeare's time and long before.
blunt, dull, insensible.
blurtd at, held in contempt.
blush like a black dog, to have a brazen face.
board, to accost.
bob, a taunt; to cheat.
boggler, a vicious woman.
bold, confident.
bolds, emboldens.
bolins, bowlines.
bollen, swollen.
bolt, an arrow.
bolted, sifted.
bolters, sieves.
bolting-hutch, the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted.
bombard, a large leathern vessel for distributing liquor.
bombast, material for stuffing out dresses.
bona-roba, a courtesan.
bond—*I know it for my*, know it to be my bounden duty.
bonneted, generally explained "took off their bonnets"; but the passage is very awkward and obscure.
book, one's studies, learning.
boot, booty; to enrich; profit; *it is no boot* (it is of no avail); *Grace to boot* (over and above, in addition); a make weight.
boots—*Give me not the*, a proverbial expression signifying don't make a laughing-stock of me; perhaps an allusion to the diabolical torture of the boot.
bore, capacity.
bosky, woody.
bosom, wish.
boss'd, embossed, studied.
botcher, a mender of old clothes.
bottle of hay, truss of hay.
bottled, bunch-backed; "that bottled spider," means that humped or hunched venomous creature.
bottom, a valley; a ball of thread; *it on me*, wind it on me.
bots, worms that breed in the entrails of horses; *bots on't* (a comic execration).
bourn, a brook; a boundary.
bow, a yoke.

- howling**, see *bolins*.
boy-queller, boy killer.
brabble, a squabble.
brabbler, the name of a hound ; a wrangler.
brace, state of defense ; armor for the arm.
brach, from the French *brac* or *braque*, or the German, *bract*, a scenting dog.
braid, perhaps crafty or deceitful ; to reproach.
brain, to understand.
brainish *apprehension*, brain-sick mood, or conceit.
brain-pan, the skull.
brakes of vice, engines of torture.
brave, to make fine ; to bluster ; a boast, a defiance.
bravery, finery ; bravado.
brawl, in its signification of a dance is from the French *branle*, indicating a shaking or swinging motion.
brazen tombs, allusion "to the ornamenting the tombs of eminent persons with figures and inscriptions on plates of brass."
breach of the sea, breaking of the sea.
break, up, to break open, to carve—used metaphorically of opening a letter ; *Break open this capon*. (Open this note).
break, with, to open a subject to.
breast, a voice.
breath, an exercise.
breathe, to take exercise.
breathing time, time for exercise.
breach'd, covered.
breeching scholar, a scholar liable to be flogged.
breed-bate, a causer of strife.
breese, the gad-fly.
brief, a license of marriage ; a letter ; rife ; a short writing.
bring out, to put out.
broach, to spit.
brock, a badger.
broken music, what we now term "a string band."
broker, a go-between.
brook—*Flying at the*, hawking at water-fowl.
bruit, a loud report.
bubukles, a botch.
bucking, to *buck* clothes means properly, to wash them in lye, and beat them while wet, with a sort of flattened pole on a table or block.
bucks, quantities of linen *bucked* at once.
buckler, to defend.
bucklers—*I give thee the*, yield thee the victory.
bug, a bug-bear.
building, fixture.
bulk, a kind of stall, board or ledge outside a house, on which articles were set for sale ; breast.
bullen, said to have been an ancient provincial name for a candle.
bully-rook, a hectoring, cheating sharper.
bung, a sharper.
burden, of a song ; in the old acceptance of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. *Burden* is derived from *bourdoun*, a drone base (French *bourdon*).
burgonet, or *burganet*, a close-fitting helmet, so called because invented by the Burgundians.
buss, to kiss.
buttery-bar, the place in palaces and in great houses whence provisions were dispensed.
buxom, lively.
buzzard, a beetle.
by, an abbreviation of *aby* (which see).
by'r lakin, by our little Lady.

C.

- caddis-garter**, worsted riband or galloon.
cade of herrings, a barrel of herrings.
cadent, falling.
cage, was formerly a term for a prison.
Cain-colored, sandy-red.
Caliban, metathesis from *Cannibal*.
caliver, a hand-gun.
calkins, the parts of a horse-shoe which are turned up and pointed to prevent the horse from slipping.
callet, or *callat*, a jade.
calling, name.
calm, qualm.
can, to be skilled in.
canary, a quick and lively dance ; to dance (properly, to dance a canary) ; a blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *quandary*.
candied, congealed.
canker, a caterpillar ; the dog-rose.
Cannibals, Pistol's blunder for *Ilannibals*.

canstick, a candlestick.
cantle, a corner.
cantons, cantos.
canvass, to toss, as in a blanket.
capable, qualified as heir; comprehensive; susceptible.
capitulate against us, combine.
captain, (as an adjective) chief.
captious, capable of receiving.
carack, a largeship of burden.
caraways, comfits or confections made with caraway-seeds.
carbonado, a piece of meat cut cross-wise for broiling.
carcanet, a necklace.
cardecu, properly *quart d'écu*, the fourth part of the gold [French] crown.
carduus benedictus, or blessed thistle; an herb supposed to have singular healing property.
carlot, a rustic.
carpet knights, knights dubbed at court by mere favor,—not on the field of battle for their military exploits.
carpet-mongers, effeminate persons.
carpets, table-covers of ornamental tapestry.
carry coals, to put up with insults.
carry out a side, to carry out a game of cards with success.
carve, used to describe some particular form of action—some sign of intelligence and favor.
case, a pair; skin.
cassocks, loose outward military coats.
cast, to d'omian; used with a quibble between its two senses, "to throw" and "to vomit; to empty."
Castiliano volte, "put on your Castilian countenance, that is, your grave solemn looks."
castle, a close helmet, which covered the whole head.
cat-o'-mountain, a wild-cat.
Cataian, properly a native of Cataia or Cathay, *i. e.* China, is supposed to have become a cant term for a thief or sharper.
catlings, lute strings.
cautel, craft.
cautelous, insidious; cautious.
caviare to the general, *Caviare* is the roe of a kind of surgeon, and of other fish, pickled, salted, and dried, which came, and still comes from Russia: Hamlet means that the play in question was of too

high a relish for the palates of the multitude.
cease, to die.
censure, to pass opinion on; opinion.
ceremonies, omens or signs; honorary ornaments.
'cerns, concerns.
certes, certainly.
cess—Out of all, Out of all measure.
cestron, a cistern.
chalic'd, having cups.
chamberers, men of intrigue.
chambers, small pieces of ordnance.
channel, a kennel.
chape, the metal part at the end of a scabbard, sometimes used for the hook or loop at the top of a scabbard.
chapmen, buyers; sellers.
character, handwriting; to inscribe.
character, what is written.
characts, characters.
chare, or *char*, a job or task-work.
char'd,—*All's*, All is dispatched.
charge-house, a common school.
Charles' wain, The constellation *Ursa Major*;—according to some, a corruption of *Chorles* or *Churl's* [*i. e.* rustic's] *wain*; according to others, the constellation was so named in honor of Charlemagne.
charneco, a wine called after Charneca, a town in Portugal.
chase, an object of chase; *By this kind of chase*, "By this way of following the argument." A *chace* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or *chace*.
chaudron, part of the entrails of an animal.
cheater—*A tame*, a poor spiritless or harmless rascal; an *escheator*.
check, a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight.
cheer, countenance.
cherry-pit, a game.
cheveril, kid-leather.
chewet, a noisy chattering bird, a *pie*.
chide, to sound.
chiding, noise, cry of hounds.
child, in O. E., denoted a youth, especially one of high birth, be

fore he was advanced to the honor of knighthood; in romances and ballads it frequently is equivalent to "knight."

childing autumn, fruitful autumn.

chill, I will.

chopine, an enormously high clog, which was worn by the ladies of Spain.

chopping, changing.

christendoms, Christian names.

christom child, a child just christened.

chuck, a chicken.

chuff, a coarse unmannered clown.

cide, to decide.

cinque-pace, a dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five.

circuit, a diadem.

circumstances, detail; conduct.

cital, a recital.

cite, to incite.

citizen, townbred, delicate.

cittern-head, grotesque carved heads with which citterns were usually ornamented.

civil, decent, solemn.

civil orange, a Seville orange.

clack-dish, or *clap-dish*, a wooden dish, or box, carried by beggars; it had a movable cover, which they *clacked* to attract notice.

claw, to flatter.

cleanly, cleverly.

clear, pure; a *clear-story* is a term in Gothic architecture for an upper story or row of windows in a church, hall, &c.; seems to have been used in a variety of ways for any method of admitting light into the upper parts of a building.

clepe, to call.

cliff, a key in music.

cling, shrink or shrivel.

clinquant, glittering.

clip, to embrace.

close, secret.

closure, an end.

clout, the nail or pin of the target.

cloy, to claw.

clubs, was originally the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices.

clutch, to contract.

coach-fellow, a horse that draws in the same carriage with another, —an associate.

coast, to advance.

cock, a corruption of, or euphemism for *God*; *cock and pie*—By, By God and the prayer book; to *set cock on hoop*; a phrase denoting the excess of mirth and jollity; also applied to insolence of language or bearing.

cockatrice, an imaginary creature (called also *basilisk*), supposed to kill by its very look.

cockerel, a young cock.

cockle, a weed; the cockle-shell worn usually in the front of the hat was the badge of a pilgrim.

cock-light, twilight.

cockney, there is hardly a doubt that it originates in an Utopian region of indolence and luxury, formerly denominated the country of *cocaigne*; appears in the *Promptorium* to imply simply a child spoiled by too much indulgence; Chaucer uses the word as a term of contempt; and it occasionally signifies a little cock, *coquinator*.

cock shut time, an expression signifying "twilight."

coffin, the raised crust of a pie.

cog, to cheat; to load a die.

coign, a corner-stone.

coil, turmoil.

coistrel, a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them.

collect, to gather by observation.

collection, a conclusion, a deduction.

collied, blackened.

collop, used metaphorically by a father to his child, as being a portion of his flesh.

Colme-kill, the cell or chapel of St. Columba.

Colme's-inch, the Isle of Columba.

coloquintida, the bitter cucumber.

colors, deceits; *fear no colors*, fear no enemy.

colt, gay youngster, to fool.

combinate husband; contracted husband.

combined, bound.

come off, to pay.

comfortable, ready to give comfort.

comforting, encouraging.

commend, to offer.

commission, authority.

commit, applied particularly to unlawful acts of love.

commodity, profit.
commonly, Sly's blunder for *comedy*.
compact, composed; leagued.
companion, a term of contempt, equivalent to "fellow."
company, a companion.
comparative—equal, or rival in any thing; fruitful in similes.
compassed *cape*, a round cape;—*crest*, an arched crest;—*window*, a bow-window.
compassionate, lamenting.
competitor, a partner; a confederate.
complement, according to its original meaning, the trappings or ornamental appendages of a character.
complices, accomplices.
comply, to compliment.
compose, to agree.
composition, an agreement; consistency.
composture, a compost.
composure, a combination.
compromis'd, mutually agreed.
comptible, sensitive.
con, to *con thanks* exactly answers the French *savoir gré*; to *con* is to *know*.
conceal, a blunder of Simple for *reveal*.
conceit, imagination; a fanciful gewgaw; to conceive.
concent, accord.
concernancy, tendency.
conclusion, an experiment; sedate determination.
concolinel, perhaps the (corrupted) title or beginning or burden of some Italian song.
concupy, concupiscence.
condition, temper, quality; a profession.
condolement, expression of grief.
conduct, a conductor.
confidence, a blunder of Mrs. Quickly and of the Nurse for *conference*.
confiners, borders.
confound, to consume; to destroy; to annoy or perplex.
congest, to heap together.
congregated, saluted reciprocally.
conjecture, suspicion.
conjurations, earnest entreaty.
conscience, consciousness.
consent, a conspiracy.
consider, to require.
consign, to seal.
consist, to stand on.

consolate, to console.
consort, a company; a band of musicians; a concert; a fellowship.
conspectuities, sights.
constancy, consistency.
constantly, certainly, firmly.
contain, to retain.
contemptible, contemptuous.
continent, that which contains any thing; is contained in any thing.
continuance, continuity.
continue, uninterrupted.
contract, promise of future marriage.
contrive, to pass away, to spend.
contriving, managing, plotting.
control, compulsion; to confute.
convent, to summon, to cite; to assemble, to serve.
conversation, behavior.
convertite, a convert.
convey, to manage secretly.
conveyance, dexterity; juggling artifice.
conveyers, jugglers.
convince, to conquer; to convict.
convive, to feast together.
cony-catch, to deceive.
cooling-card, a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. *Met.* Something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant.
copatain hat, a hat rising to a *cop*, top, or head, a hat with a high crown.
cope, the canopy of heaven; to reward; to encounter; embrace.
copesmate, a companion.
copy, a theme; lease.
coragio, an exclamation of encouragement.
coranto, a very lively and rapid dance.
corky, dry, withered.
corrigible, having the power to correct; subject to correction.
corrival, a competitor.
cosiers, cobblers.
costard, a head; a large kind of apple.
coted, overtook.
cot-quean, a man who busies himself too much in female affairs.
counsel, secrecy.
countenance, hypocrisy, treatment, patronage; to entertain.
counter, a piece of false coin used to cast accounts with. To *counter*

counter is to mistake the course of the game, or to turn and pursue the backward trail.

counterfeit, a portrait; synonymous with *slip*, a piece of false money; *counterfeit presentment*, mimic representation.

court *holy-water*, flattery.

courtship, elegance of behavior.

covent, a convent.

cover, to prepare the table.

covetousness, intense desire of excelling.

cowl-staff, a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket, with two handles.

coy, to caress.

crab, a wild apple.

crack, an arch, lively boy; to brag.

crack-hemp, a gallows-bird.

crafts, craftsmen.

crank, to wind.

crants, a crown; a garland.

crare, a small vessel of war, and of burden.

cravens, makes cowardly.

create, compounded.

credent, credible; enforcing credit.

crescive, increasing.

cressets, a beacon light.

crisp, curled.

crop, to bring forth.

cross, a piece of money, so called because a cross was stamped on it.

crow-keeper, a boy employed to scare the crows from the corn-fields.

crown-imperial, a lily.

crowner, a coroner.

crownet, the diminutive of *crown*.

cruel garters, a quibble on *cruel* and *crewel*, *i. e.* worsted; see *caddis-garter*.

crusadoes, gold coins.

cry aim; see *aim*, &c.

cry, a pack; a company; *cry on*, to exclaim.

cubiculo, a chamber.

cuckoo-buds, lesser celandine, or pile-wort.

cullion, a despicable fellow.

cunning, knowledge, skill.

curiosity, an over-nice scrupulousness in manners, dress, &c.

'currents, occurrences.

cursorary, cursory.

curst, shrewish, fierce, perverse.

curtal dog, a common dog—*curtal*

Bay, a docked bay horse—*curtle ax*, a cutlass.

custard-coffin, the raised crust of a custard.

customer, an accustomed visitor; a cant term for a loose woman.

cut, a common horse.

cuttle, swaggerer, bully.

cyprus, *cipres* or *cypress*, a fine transparent stuff, similar to crape.

D.

daff, to doff.

Dan, lord, master—corruption of *Dominus*.

danger, debt.

Danskens, Danes.

dare, a defiance.

darkling, in darkness.

darnel, a weed.

darraign, to arrange an army, or set it in order of battle.

daub, to disguise.

day-bed, a sofa.

day-woman, a dairy-woman.

deal, a part.

dear, equivalent generally to *very*, and expresses strong feeling of a friendly or inimical nature.

dearth, value.

death's-man, an executioner.

debate, contention.

deck, a pack of cards.

deck'd, sprinkled.

decline, to incline; to run through from first to last.

decrees, resolutions.

deem, an opinion.

deep-fet, deep-fetched.

default—*In the*, At a need.

defeat, to disguise.

defeature, disfigurement.

defensible, furnishing the means of defense.

defiance, a refusal.

defunctive, funereal.

defy, to refuse, to reject, to renounce.

delations, accusations.

delighted, delighting or delightful.

deliverly, nimbly.

demerits, synonymous with *merits*.

demise, to transfer, to convey.

demuring, looking demurely.

den: see *god-den* and *good-den*.

denay, a denial.

denier, a very trifling sum.

deny, to refuse.

depart, to separate; *depart with*, to part with.

depose, to examine on oath.

deprave, to traduce.

deprive, to disinherit.
dern, lonely, dreary.
derogate, degraded.
deserved, deserving.
desperate, confident.
detect, to display.
determinate, ended, out of date. The term is used in legal conveyance.
determine, to end.
detest, a blunder for *protest*.
Dictynna, title for Diana.
difference, an heraldic term: distinction.
differing, unsteady.
diffuse, to disorder.
digression, a deviation from virtue.
diminutives, very small pieces of money.
disable, to impair; to disparage.
disclose, to hatch; when the young just peeps through the shell.
discontenting, discontented.
discourse, reason.
disdained, disdainful.
disease, trouble.
disedg'd—*Be*, Having the edge of appetite taken off.
dishabited, dislodged.
dishonesty, in chastity.
dislike, to displease.
dislimns, obliterates what was before limned.
dismes, tenths.
dismount, draw.
disnatur'd, devoid of natural affection.
dispark'd, a legal term, and signifies to divest a park.
dispatch'd, suddenly bereaved.
disponge, to discharge.
dispose, disposition.
disposer—*My*, my merry, free-spoken damsel.
disputable, disputatious.
dispute, to reason upon.
dissemble, to disguise.
dissembling, the reverse of to resemble.
dissembly, Dogberry's blunder for *assembly*.
distain, to sully by contrast.
distemper, predominance of passion; intoxication.
distemperature, perturbation.
distractions, detachments.
distrain, to seize.
dividable, distant from each other.
division, variations in music.

do me right, do me justice, a challenge to drink a bumper; *do withal—I could not*, I could not help it.
dog-apes, dog-faced baboons.
dogs of war, Famine, Sword, and Fire.
dole, grief; an allotment, distribution.
dolour, *dollar*,
dotant, a dotard.
double, deceitful.
doubt, fear; to fear.
doucets, the testes of a deer; also *dowsets*.
dout, to do out; to extinguish.
dowle, particle of down in a feather.
down-gyved, hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ankles.
draff, the refuse of any sort of food; brewers' grains.
dreadfully, with dread.
dress, to prepare.
drollery, a puppet-show; a picture or sketch of some scene of low humor.
drugs, drudges.
drumble, to be slow.
dudgeon, haft or handle.
due, to endue.
duke, a leader, a general.
dull, soothing.
dump, the term for a melancholy strain in music; also a kind of dance.
dup, to open.
durance, a kind of stuff, sometimes called *everlasting*; a robe of *durance* was a cant term, implying imprisonment.

E.

eager, sour, sharp, keen.
eaning time, time of bringing forth young.
eanlings, young lambs just dropped.
ear, to till.
earing, a plowing.
easy, inconsiderable.
eche, to eke out.
ecstasy, alienation of mind.
Edward shovel-boards, the broad shillings of Edward VI., used for playing at the game of *shovel-board*.
effects, intended deeds.
effuse, an effusion.
efftest, quickest.

egal, equal.
egma, Costard's blunder for *enigma*.
eisel, vinegar.
eke, also.
eld, old age.
element, initiation.
element, the sky.
elf, to entangle; to mat together.
emballing, the carrying the ball at a coronation.
embarquements, embargoes.
embossed, a hunting term, properly applied to a deer when foaming at the mouth from fatigue; swollen.
embowel, to eviscerate.
embrasures, embraces.
embrewed, drenched in blood.
emmew, mew up, (a term in falconry).
empale, to encircle.
emperial, the Clown's blunder for *emperor*.
emperry, sovereign command; a kingdom.
emulation, malicious rivalry or contention.
enactures, actions, effects.
encounter, unwarrantable familiarity.
endear'd, bound.
enemy, the Devil.
enfeoff'd, granted out as a feoff or estate; gave up.
enforce *with*, to press with a charge.
engine, the rack.
engines, genius, wits.
engross; to fatten; to gather together.
engrossments, accumulations.
enkindle, to incite.
ensconce, to protect or cover as with a sconce.
enseamed, greasy, filthy.
ensear, or *ensere*, to dry up; to make sterile.
entame, to tame.
entertain, to receive into service.
entertainment, the state of being in military pay.
entitled, ennobled.
entreat, to treat; to entertain.
envious, malicious.
enwheel, to encompass.
Ephesian, a cant term, which seems to have been equivalent to toper, jolly companion.
equal, impartial.
Ercles, Hercules.
erring, wandering.

erst, formerly.
eryngoes, formerly supposed to be strong provocatives.
escape, an act of lewdness.
escapen, escape.
escoted, paid.
esperance, hope.
espials, spies.
estate, high rank.
esteem, reckoning or estimate.
estimation, conjecture.
estridge, an ostrich.
eterne, eternal.
even *Christian*, fellow Christian.
even-pleach'd, evenly intertwined.
ever-among, ever at intervals.
examin'd, doubted.
excrement, hair, beard.
executors, executioners.
exempt, separated, parted.
exercise, a sermon.
exhale, to draw out.
exhaust, to draw forth.
exhibition, an allowance, a pension.
exigent, an extremity, an end.
exion, the Hostess's blunder for *action*.
exorciser, a person who can raise spirits (not one who can lay them).
expect, expectation.
expedience, expectation, haste; an expedition.
expedient, expeditious.
expense, expenditure.
expire, to conclude.
expuls'd, expelled.
exsufflicate, swollen.
extend, to extend the praise of a person; to seize (a law term).
extent, a seizure.
extern, external.
extirp, to extirpate.
extraught, extracted.
extremity, the utmost of calamity.
eyases, young hawks just taken from the nest.
eyas-musket, a young male sparrow-hawk.
eye, presence.
eyne, eyes.

F.

face, to mend with a different color; to play the hypocrite.
face-royal, a quibbling allusion to the face stamped on the coin called a *royal*.
facinorous, wicked.
fact, a deed, an evil doing.

- factionary** one of a faction, an adherent.
factionous, active; urgent.
fadge, to suit, to agree.
fadings, a dance.
fair-betrothed, honorably affianced.
fairing, making fair.
faith'd, possessed of credibility, credited.
faitors, vagabonds.
fall, to let fall.
fallow, light brown, with a yellow or reddish tinge.
false, to falsify.
familiar, a demon attendant on a witch or conjuror.
fancy, love.
fang, to gripe.
fangled, gaudy, trifling.
fantastical, imaginary.
fantasticoes, fantastic, coxcombical persons.
fap, drunk.
far, extensively.
farce, to stuff.
fardel, a burden.
far-fet, far-fetched.
fartuous, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for virtuous.
fashions—*The*, *The farcy*, a disease in horses.
fatigate, made weary.
fault, misfortune.
favour, countenance, appearance.
gay—*By my*, *By my faith*.
fear, to fear for; to terrify; reason for fear.
fearful, timid.
feat, dexterous, neat.
feated, formed.
feature, form, person in general.
fedary, and *federary*, colleague, confederate.
feeder, a servant.
fee-farm, a grant of lands in fee, that is, forever, reserving a certain rent.
fee-simple, to us and our heirs forever.
fell, skin.
fell of hair, skin covered with hair.
fellow, a companion, an equal.
fellowly, sympathetic.
fennel, an emblem of flattery.
ferre, a companion, a mate.
fescue, a small wire, by which those who teach to read point out the letters.
festinate, quick.
fet, fetched.
- fetch of warrant**—*A*, a warranted device.
fettle, to prepare: to put in order.
few—*In*, in few words.
fico, fig.
fierce, precipitate, excessive.
figs, the waist-cloths that hang round about the ship in a fight, to hinder the men from being seen by the enemy.
figures, pictures created by imagination.
file, to polish; to defile; to keep equal pace; a number, a list.
fill-horse, shaft-horse.
fills, shafts of a cart or wagon.
find forth, to find out.
fine, a conclusion; to end; embellish; full of finesse.
firago, a corruption for virago.
fire-drake, a meteor; a sort of fire-work; a person with a red nose.
fire-new, bran-new.
firk, seems to mean "beat."
first, noblest.
fishmonger, a cant term for a wench.
fit, a grimace; a part or division of a song.
fitcheu, a polecat.
fitly, exactly.
fives, inflammation of the parotid glands in horses.
fixure, fixture.
flap-dragon, some small, combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor.
flap-jacks, pancakes.
flaunts, fineries.
flaw, a sudden and violent blast of wind; a stormy tumult; a sudden commotion of mind; small blades of ice.
fleet, to float.
fleeting, inconstant.
fleshment, pride, encouraged by a successful attempt.
flew'd, having large hanging *flows* or chaps.
firt-gills, wenchers of light behavior.
flote, flood.
fluxive, flowing with tears.
foin, to push, to thrust, in fencing.
foison, plenty, store.
folly, depravity, wantonness.
fond, to dote; foolish; silly.
fool—*Poor*, a sort of term of endearment.
foot, to seize with the foot; to kick; to tread; to set foot on.
foot-cloth, a housing of cloth,

hanging down on both sides of a horse.
for, because of.
for, *why*, because.
forbid, under a curse.
force, *Of*, of necessity ; to regard ; to stuff ; to strengthen ; perforce.
fordo, to undo.
fore-end, the early part.
foregoers, progenitors.
forehand, previous.
forehand-shaft, an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward.
forfeit, to transgress.
forfend, to forbid ; to avert.
forgetive, inventive.
fork, a barbed arrow ; a forked tongue.
forked, horned.
formal, retaining the proper and essential characteristic.
forslow, to delay.
forspent, exhausted.
forespoke, gainsaid.
forthcoming, in custody.
forthright, a straight path.
forty, a great many.
forwearied, worn out.
fosset, faucet.
foul, ugly.
found—*Well*, of known excellence.
foxship, cunning.
fracted, broken.
fractions, abrupt remarks.
frame, order.
frampal, *frampold*, peevish, vexatious.
Francisco—*My, My Frenchman*.
frank, a sty.
franklin, a freeholder.
Frateretto, a fiend.
free, liberal ; guiltless.
frets, the stops of instruments of the lute or guitar kind.
friend, a lover.
frippery, a shop for the sale of second-hand apparel.
from, away from.
front, a beginning.
frontier, an outwork in fortification.
frontlet, cloth worn formerly by ladies at night to give smoothness to their foreheads. *Met.* Angry, scowling look.
fruitfully, fully, abundantly.
frush, to bruise ; to break to pieces.
full, complete.
fullam : see *gourd and fullam*.
fulfil, to fill completely.
fulsome, lustful.

fumiter or *fumitory*, a weed common in corn-fields.
furnaces, throws out as from a furnace.
furnishings, samples.
fust, to grow mouldy.
fustilarian, a low term of abuse.

G.

gaberdine, a coarse loose outer garment.
gad—*Done Upon the*, Done suddenly, while the iron is hot.
gain-giving, misgiving.
gait, proceeding.
gallant-springing, blooming, in the spring of life.
galliard a quick and lively dance.
galliasse, a vessel of the same construction as a galley.
gallimaufry, a strange medley.
gallow, to scare.
Galloway nags, common hackneys.
gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot-soldiers of Ireland and of the Western Isles.
gallows, a rogue (one deserving the gallows).
gamester, a frolicksome, adventurous person ; a wag ; a prostitute.
gaping, shouting.
garboils, tumults.
garden, Costard's blunder for *guerdon*.
garish, splendid, gaudy.
gaskins, loose hose or breeches.
gasted, frightened.
gastness, ghastliness.
gaud, a bawble.
gaudy-night, a night of festivity.
gear, dress, matter in hand, stuff.
geck, a subject of ridicule ; a fool, a bubble.
geminy, a pair.
general—*The*, The people.
generation, children.
generosity, high birth.
gennets, horses, Spanish horses.
gentle, of liberal rank.
gentry, courtesy.
germane, or *german*, related, akin.
germens, germs, seeds.
gest, time.
gests, exploits.
gib, an old male cat.
gig, a kind of top.
giglet, (or *giglot*), wanton, giddy.
gilded, a cant expression for "drunk."

gilt, money; display of gold.
gimmel-bit, a sort of double bit, in which the parts were united as in a gimmel-ring.
gimmers, a gimcrack, a quaint contrivance (akin to, if not a corruption of, *gimmel*).
gin, to begin.
ging, a gang.
gird, a sarcasm; to gibe.
Gis, a corruption of *Jesus*.
gleek, a joke; a scoff; to jeer.
glib, to geld.
glory, vaunting.
gloze, to expound; to comment; to flatter.
glozes, interpretations.
glut him, swallow him.
God ild you, a corruption of *God yield* (requite) you.
godded me, deified me.
god-den, good e'en.
God's sonties—By *God's saints*, or By *God's sanctity*, or By *God's santé* (i.e. health.)
good, good friend; good fellow; rich; *deed*, in very deed; *good cheap*; *à bon marché*; *leave*, ready assent; *masters*, patrons.
good-ger, a corruption of *gou-jeer*.
gorbellied, paunchy.
gore-blood clotted blood.
gorge, throat, stomach.
goujeer or *goujeers*, the venereal disease.
gouts, drops.
government, forbearance, self-control.
grace, physical virtue; to favor; to bless.
gracious, attractive.
grained, furrowed, rough.
gramercy, great thanks.
grange, the chief farm-house of a wealthy proprietor.
grant, argument.
grate, to offend.
gratulate, to be rejoiced at.
grave, to make an impression on.
gray, blue, azure.
Graymalkin, a familiar spirit in the shape of a cat.
greasily, grossly.
greaves, armor for the legs.
green, sickly, inexperienced.
grief, pain.
gripe, a griffin.
grise, a step.
gross, palpable.
ground, a musical term.
groundlings—*The*, *The* spec-

tators who stood on the ground in the theatre.
grow, to accrue.
guard, to face; to ornament.
guerdon, a reward.
guinea-hen, a cant term for a prostitute.
gules, the heraldic term for "red."
gulf, swallow.
gull, a trick.
gun-stones, bullets.
gust, to taste; to perceive.

H.

H—an ache or pain.
habit, a herald's coat, behavior.
hack, to do mischief; to become cheap or vulgar.
haggard, a wild, untrained hawk; wanton, libertine.
haggish, deformed, or deforming.
hair, grain, character.
halcyon, the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*.
half-caps, slight salutations.
half-pence, minute pieces.
halidom, holiness, faith.
Hallowmas, the mass or feast-day of *All-Hallows* or *All-Saints*.
handsaw, a corruption of *heronshaw* (i.e. heron).
hand-fast—*In*, *In* custody; a contract, a betrothal.
handy-dandy, a very old game among children.
hangers, the fringed loops appended to the girdle, in which the dagger or small sword usually hung.
hangman, rascally.
Hannibal, Elbow's plunder for *Cannibal*.
happily, haply.
happiness, good fortune.
happy, accomplished.
hard, unpleasant.
hardiment, bravery.
harlot, base.
harness, armor.
harried, ill-treated.
hateful, malignant.
haunt—*Out of*, *Out of* company.
have, to conceive; to understand.
having, possessions, fortune.
hay, the Italian *hai*, "you have it,"—an exclamation in fencing.
health, safety generally.
heat, to run a heat or course, as in a race.
heavy, cloudy, dark.
hebenon, "henbane" or "ebony."

hefts, heavings.
helpless, affording no help.
hence, henceforward.
henchman, a page.
hent, a hold, an opportunity to be seized.
hermits, beadsmen, persons bound to pray for you.
hest, a command.
high-day wit, holiday terms.
high-stomach'd, haughty.
hight, named.
hilding, a low, degenerate wretch.
hipped, lamed or hurt in the hips.
hit, to agree.
hoar, to become mouldy ; to make white ; to infect with leprosy.
Hobbididance, a slight variation of *Hoberdidance*, a fiend.
hobby-horse, a loose woman ; a silly fellow.
holding, consistency ; the burden of a song.
holy, pure, just.
holy-ales, rural festivals.
home, to the utmost.
honest, chaste.
honesty, liberality, decency.
honey-seed, the Hostess's blunder for *homicide*.
honey-suckle, *villain*, the Hostess's blunder for *homicidal villain*.
hoodman-blind, the game which we now call *blind-man's-buff*.
Hopdance, perhaps a variation of *Hobbididance*.
hope, to expect.
host, to lodge.
hot-house, a bagnio, (which was often a brothel).
housewife, or *huswife*, (a term of reproach), a wanton.
how, for what price may be had ?
hoxes, ham-strings.
hugger-mugger—*In*, Secretly.
hulk, a ship, generally a heavy or large ship.
hull, to float ; to swim.
humorous, humid, perverse, capricious.
hurricano, a water-spout.
hurtled, clashed.
husband, a husbandman.
husbandry, economical government.

I.

I, the old spelling of the affirmative adverb *ay*.
idle, trifling, vain, weak, infertile, unfruitful.

i'fecks, most probably a corruption of *in faith*.
ignorant, unpractised.
ill-inhabited, ill-lodged.
illustrate, illustrious.
imaginary forces, powers of fancy.
immanity, barbarity.
immediacy, immediate representation.
immoment, of no moment.
immures, fortifications.
imp, a shoot, an offspring.
impale, to encircle.
impartment, a communication.
impasted, formed into a paste.
impawn, to pawn ; to pledge.
impeach, an impeachment.
impeachment, an obstruction, a reproach.
impeticos thy gratility, "impocket thy gratuity."
impleach'd, interwoven.
importance, importunity ; the import.
importless, unimportant.
impose, an imposition ; to enjoin ; to command.
impossible, inconceivable.
imprese, a device in picture with motto or word.
imputation, attributed excellence, reputation.
incapable, unable to comprehend.
incardinate, Sir Andrew's blunder for *incarnate*.
incarnadine, to stain red or carnation color.
incense, to instruct ; to kindle.
inclips, embraces, encircles.
include, restrain, conclude.
incontinent, immediately.
incony, pretty.
incorps'd, incorporated.
incorrect, contumacious.
incredulous, incredible.
indent, to bargain ; to contract ; to compound ; a bending inwards.
indifferency, impartiality, ordinary size.
indigest, a thing indigested ; an unformed mass ; shapeless.
indign, disgraceful.
indirection dishonest practice.
indirectly, unfairly, wrongfully.
indistinguishable, of an unde-
 terminate shape ; deformed.
indite, used in jest for *invite*.
induction, a beginning.
indu'd endowed.
indurance, confinement.
infamonize, to make infamous.

infect, infected.
 infer, to introduce.
 informal, deranged, insane.
 ingener, an ingenious person; an artist.
 ingenious, ingenuous, intelligent, acute.
 inhabitable, uninhabitable.
 inherit, to obtain possession of.
 inhibit, to prohibit.
 injointed, jointed, united.
 inkhorn *mate*, a bookish man.
 inkle, a kind of inferior tape.
 inland *bred*, brought up among civilized persons.
 inly, inward.
 innocent, an idiot, a simpleton.
 insculp'd, carved in relief.
 insinuate, to soothe.
 insisture, fixedness, stability.
 instance, motive, symptom, information, proof.
 insuppressible, insuppressible.
 intend, to pretend; to set forth; to make to appear.
 intendment, intention.
 intention, eagerness of attention or of desire.
 intently, attentively.
 intrenchant, which cannot be cut.
 intrinse, intricate.
 intricate, intricate.
 inactively, abusively.
 invis'd, invisible, unseen.
 inward, intimate, a familiar friend.
 irregularous, disorderly, lawless.
 I wis, I ween.

J.

jack, the small bowl aimed at in the game of bowling; "to kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage; Will-o'-the-wisp; an automaton that in public clocks struck the bell on the outside; a common term of contempt and reproach.
 jack-an-apes, an ape.
 jacks, the keys of the virginals or virginal.
 jade, to ride; to drive harassed; to over-master.
 jadery, the properties of a vicious horse; jadish tricks.
 jane judgments.
 jape, a jest.
 jar o' the clock, tick of the clock.
 jauncing, jaunting, hard-riding.
 jaw, to devour.
 jay, a loose woman.

jesses, the short straps of leather, but sometimes of silk, which went round the legs of a hawk.
 jet, to strut.
 jet upon, to encroach upon.
 jig, frequently synonymous with *ballad*.
 jiggling *fools*, silly poets.
 John-a-dreams, a nick-name for a dreamy, stupid fellow.
 judicious, judicial.
 jump, a hazard; to agree; to risk; exactly, coincident with.
 junkets, sweetmeats.
 justicer, a justice.
 juty, or *jetty*, that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest.

K.

kam, crooked; *clean kam*, quite crooked, quite wrong.
 kecksies, dry hollow stalks of hemlock or similar plants.
 keech, a lump of fat.
 keel, to cool.
 keep, care; to live; to restrain; *guard*, or *fasten*.
 ken, to know; to descry; a view.
 kerchief, a coil.
 kern, a light-armed foot-soldier of Ireland and of the Western Isles.
 kibe, a chap in the heel, an ulcerated chilblain.
 kicky-wicky, a wife or mistress.
 kind, nature; possessed of natural affection.
 kindle, to incite; to bring forth, unnatural.
 kindly, naturally, aptly.
 king'd, ruled.
 kirtle, sometimes the jacket merely, and sometimes the train or upper-petticoat attached to it.
 kissing-comfits, sugar-plums perfumed, to sweeten the breath.
 knapped, snapped, rapped.
 knave, a lad, a servant.

L.

labras, lips.
 lace, to embellish.
 laced *mutton*—A, Common cant expression for a courtesan.
 lackeying, floating backwards and forwards like a page or lackey.
 lady-smocks, a common meadow-plant.
 lag, late; the last or lowest part or class.

- laming**, outgoing, surpassing.
languish, the state of pining, suffering.
lantern, a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows.
lapp'd, wrapped up.
lapsed, found off my guard.
larded, garnished, strewed with.
large, free, licentious.
latch, to lay hold of; to catch; to lick over; to anoint.
late, new.
lated, belated, benighted.
latten, a sort of mixed metal, resembling brass in its nature and color.
laugh-and-lie-down, a game at cards.
laund, a lawn.
lavolt, or *lavorla*, a dance for two persons.
lay, a wager; to waylay.
lay for, to lay out for; to strive to win.
leaguer, Flemish word for a camp.
leash, a tierce.
leasing, lying.
leather-coats, the apples generally known as golden russetings.
leave, licentiousness.
leave, to part with; to leave off.
leer, complexion, color.
leese, to lose.
leet, a manor court, or private jurisdiction for petty offences.
leg, a bow.
legerity, lightness, nimbleness.
leges, alleges.
leman, a mistress, a sweetheart, a paramour, a lover.
length, delay, stay.
lenten, spare.
l'envoy, a farewell or moral at the end of a poem, and sometimes of a prose piece.
let, a hindrance; to hinder; to detain; to forbear.
letter, recommendation.
libbard, a leopard.
liberal, libertine, free to excess.
lie, to reside, to sojourn.
liefest, dearest.
lieger, or *leiger*, a resident ambassador at a foreign court.
lien, lain.
lien—*In*, In consideration of, in return for.
lifter, a thief.
light, lighted, fallen.
light of ear, credulous of evil, ready to believe malicious reports.
lightly, commonly, usually.
like, to please; to liken.
likelihood, similitude.
limbeck, an alembic.
limb-meal, limb by limb.
Limbo, hell; a cant term for a prison; confinement.
limit, to appoint.
line of life, one of the lines in the palm of the hand, according to the language of palmistry.
line, to strengthen; to delineate.
line-grove, a grove of linden or lime-trees.
ling, a plant.
link, a torch.
lip, to kiss.
Lipsbury *pinfold*, Lipsbury pound.
liquor, to rub with oil or grease, in order to keep out the water.
list, desire, a limit.
lither, flexible or yielding.
little—*In*, In miniature.
livelihood, liveliness, animation.
liver, anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous passion and the seat of love.
living, fortune, possessions.
loach, a fish.
lob, lubber; *down their heads*, hang down, droop their heads.
lockram, a sort of cheap linen.
lodge, to beat down; to lay flat.
loff, laugh.
loggats, the diminutive of *logs*.
long, to belong.
longing, *longed*, wished or desired.
longly, longingly.
loof'd, brought close to the wind (a sea term).
look, to look for, to look out.
loon or *down*, a term of reproach,—a stupid rascal, a sorry fellow,
loop'd, full of small apertures, like the *loops* in old castles and towers.
loose—*At his very*, A metaphor derived from archery,—*loose* being the technical term for the discharging of an arrow.
lop, a cutting, faggot wood.
lordings, little lords; sirs, masters; an ancient form of address.
Lord's tokens—*The*, A quibble: *tokens* or *God's tokens* was the term for those spots on the body, which denoted the infection of the plague.
losel, a worthless fellow.
loss, exposure, desertion.
lots, the term for the total number

of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence.

lottery, an allotment.

louted, mocked, contemned.

love-day, a day of reconciliation.

love-in-idleness, *pansy* or *heart's-ease*.

lover, a male friend.

lown, see *loon*.

Lubber's-head, the Hostess's blunder for, or a vulgar corruption of, *Libbard's* (i. e. Leopard's) head.

luce, a pike-fish.

Lud's-town, "Trinovantum, called *Caer Lud*, and by corruption of the word *Caer London*, and in process of time *London*, was rebuilt by Lud, Cassibelan's elder brother."

lugged, pulled, seized, by the ears.

lunes, fits of lunacy.

lurch, probably, to lie in ambush.

lurch'd, won.

lush, luxurious.

lust, inclination.

lustic, lusty.

luxurious, lascivious.

lym, a lime-hound, a sporting-dog.

M.

mace, a scepter, a club of metal.

maculate, stained, impure.

magnifico, a title given to the grandees of Venice.

magot-pies, magpies.

Mahu, the prince of darkness; the fiend of stealing.

mail'd, wrapped up.

main, the mainland.

mained, lamed.

make, to fasten; to bar; to do.

make dainty, to hold out, or refuse, affecting to be delicate or dainty.

makeless, mateless.

malmsey-nose, red-nosed.

malt-horse, a dull heavy horse; a term of reproach.

malt-worms, tipplers of ale.

mammering, hesitating.

mammet, puppet, breasts.

mammocked, mangled, torn in pieces.

man, to make tractable.

manage, management, administration, conduct; a course, a running in the lists; the training of a horse how to obey the hand and voice.

mandrake, the English name of

mandragoras, a powerful soporific.

mankind, masculine, termagant; applied even to beasts in the sense of ferocious.

manner,—*Taken with the*, Taken in the fact (a law-term).

man-queller, a man-slayer.

many, a multitude.

marches, the borders of a country, or rather a space on each side the borders of two contiguous countries

march-pane, a sort of sweet biscuit, which constantly formed part of the desserts of Shakespeare's time.

margent, margin.

marish, a marsh.

marmoset, a kind of monkey.

marry trap, apparently a kind of proverbial exclamation, as much as to say, "By Mary," you are caught.

mart, to traffic.

match, compact.

mate, to confound; to bewilder; to equal.

material, stocked with notions.

mauger, in spite of.

maund, a basket.

mazard, the head.

meacock wretch—*A*, A spiritless, dastardly wretch.

meal'd, mingled, compounded.

mean, in music was the intermediate part between the tenor and treble.

measles, leapers—scurvy fellows.

measure, moderation, a dance.

medicine, a physician.

meed, merit, desert; particular excellence.

meet with, to counteract.

meiny, household attendants, retinue.

mell, meddle.

memorize, to make memorable.

memory, a memorial.

mercantante, a merchant.

merchant, a familiar and contemptuous term, equivalent to "chap-fellow;" a merchantman, a ship of trade.

mere, absolute, entire.

mered, mooted.

merit, a reward, a guerdon.

mess, a party of four.

messes—*Lower*, persons of inferior rank.

metaphysical, supernatural.

mete, to measure with the eye,—*yard*, a measuring yard.

metheglin, a beverage.

micber, a truant.

micbing mallecho, a secret and wicked contrivance; a concealed wickedness.

mickle, much.

mimic, an actor.

mind, to intend, to be disposed, to remind; nobleness of soul.

mineral, a mine.

minikin, small, delicate, pretty.

minim, was anciently, as the term imports, the shortest note in music.

mirable, admirable.

miser, a miserable creature, a wretch.

misprise, to undervalue; to mistake.

misproud, viciously, unjustifiably proud.

miss, misbehavior; loss, want; to do without.

missive, a messenger.

mistaken, different from.

mistempered, ill-tempered.

misthink, to think ill of.

mistress, the small ball in the game of bowls, at which the players aim.

mo, more.

mobled, muffled or covered up about the head.

model, an image, a representation.

modern, trite, ordinary, common.

modesty, moderation.

Modo, another name for the prince of darkness; the fiend of murder.

moldwarp, a mole.

mome, a blockhead.

Monarcho, the nick-name of an Italian who attracted a great deal of attention, and is very frequently mentioned by English writers of the time.

monster, to make monstrous.

montant, the abbreviation of *montanto*, a fencing term.

Montanto—*Signior*, a name given in jest by Beatrice to Benedick, and implying that he was a great fencer.

mood, anger.

moon-calf, a false conception, or a foetus imperfectly formed, in consequence, as was supposed, of the influence of the moon; a monster.

moonish, variable, inconstant.

mop, a grimace.

moral, a latent meaning.

moralize, expound, interpret.

more and less, great and small; greater.

Morisco, a morris-dancer.

morris-pike, a Moorish pike.

mort, death.

mortal, deadly, murderous.

mortal, exceeding, very.

mortified, dead to the world, ascetic.

mose in the chine, a disorder in horses.

most, greatest.

mot, a word, a sentence.

motion, a puppet-show; a puppet.

motley, the particolored dress worn by domestic fools or jesters; a domestic fool or jester;—*mind*, foolish.

mould—*Men of*, "Men of earth, poor mortal men."

mountant, mounting, rising on high.

mouse, to tear in pieces, to devour formerly a common term of endearment.

mow, to make mouths; a wry mouth, a distorted face.

moy, a measure of corn.

much, an ironical expression of contempt and denial.

mum budget, a cant term implying silence and secrecy.

mummy, a preparation, for magical purposes, made from dead bodies.

murdering-piece, a small piece of artillery; it took its name from the loopholes and embrasures in towers and fortifications, which were so called; the portholes in the fore-castle of a ship.

murk, darkness, gloom.

muse, to wonder at.

muset, (written also *muse* and *musit*), the opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport is accustomed to pass.

music, musical, mellifluous.

mutine, to mutiny.

mutton, a cant term for a courtizan.

mystery, an art, a calling.

N.

napkin, a handkerchief.

natural, an idiot.

naughty, wicked, worthless

nave, the navel.

nayward, tendency to denial

nay-word, a watchword, a laughing-stock.

near, admitted to one's confidence.

neb, a beak, a bill, a nose.

needly, needfully, necessarily.

neeld, a needle.

neeze to sneeze.

neif, a fist.

nether-socks, lower stocks, stockings.

next, nearest.

nice, scrupulous, squeamish, silly.

Nicholas' clerks—*Saint*, a cant term for highwaymen and robbers.

nick, to cut in nicks or notches; reckoning.

niece, a grand-daughter.

niggard, to stint, to supply sparingly.

night-rule, night-revel.

nighted, dark as night.

nill, will not.

nine-men's-morris, a game.

no: In our author's time the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing.

nobless, nobleness.

nod to give the nod was a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*.

noddy, a simpleton, a fool.

noise, music; a company or concert.

nonce—*For the*, for the occasion.

nook-shotten isle, an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land.

northern man, a clown.

not, not only.

nott-pated, having the hair cut short round and round.

nousle, to nurse.

novum, a game at dice, played by five or six persons.

nowl, the head.

nuncle, a contraction of *mine uncle* and the usual address, it peers, of the domestic fool to his superiors.

nut-hook, a cant term for a catch-pole.

nuzzling, nestling.

O.

O, anything circular; marks of the small-pox.

oathable, capable of having an oath administered.

ob, the abbreviation of *obolus*,—a halfpenny.

Obdicut, a variation of the name of the fiend called *Hoberdicut* and *Haberdicut*.

obligation, a bond.

obsequious, absorbed in funeral grief; funereal.

observance, observation.

observants, obsequious attendants.

observe, to show respectful attention.

obstacle, a rustic corruption of *obstinate*.

occulted, secret.

occupation, mechanics.

occurrences, occurrences, incidents.

odd-even, the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.

oddly, unequally.

'ods pittikins! from *God's pity*, diminutively used by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have *'od's bodikins*

œilliads, amorous glances.

o'erlooked, bewitched.

o'er-parted, having too considerable a part or character assigned to him.

o'er-posting, getting quickly over.

o'er-raught, overtook, overreached, cheated.

o'er-sized, smeared, daubed over.

o'er-wrested, over-wound, overstrained.

of, on.

officious, ready with their service.

old, plentiful, great.

old, = *wold*, a plain open country, downs.

omen, a portentous event.

on, of.

once, once for all; at one time or other.

operant, operative, active.

opinion, credit, reputation, self-opinion, conceit.

opposite, an adversary; hostile.

opposition, a combat.

oppress, to suppress.

orb, the circle in a field, known by the name of fairy-ring.

orchard, generally synonymous with *garden*.

ordinance, rank.

ordinant, ordaining, swaying.

ordinary, a public dining-table where each person pays his share.

orgulous, proud, haughty.

ort, a scrap, a leaving; the word is seldom found in the singular.

osprey, fishing-hawk.

ostent, a show, a display.
othergates, in another manner.
ouches, jewels.
ought, owed.
ouphs, elves, goblins.
ousel, the blackbird.
out-breasted, out-sung.
outlook, to face down.
overhold, to keep up, to over-estimate.
over-pass'd, passed away.
overscutched, over-whipped.
overture, an opening, a discovery, a disclosure.
owe, to own, to possess.
oxlips, a handsome plant like the cowslip, but larger.
eyes, (*oyez*, hear ye), the usual introduction to a proclamation or advertisement of the public crier.

P.

pack, to practise unlawful confederacy or collusion.
paction, a compact, a contract, an alliance.
paddock, a toad; a familiar spirit, in the shape of a toad.
pagan, a cant term, implying irregularity either in birth or manners.
paid, beaten, punished, dispatched.
pain, a punishment.
painted cloth, used as hangings for rooms, was cloth or canvas, painted in oil, representing various subjects, with devices and mottoes or proverbial sayings interspersed: it has been erroneously explained to mean tapestry.
pajock, peacock.
palabras, equivalent to the Spanish *pocas palabras*, i. e., "few words."
pale, paleness; to enclose as with a pale; to encompass.
palled, decayed, impaired.
palliamment, a robe.
palter, to shuffle, to equivocate.
pang, to give violent pain to.
pantaloon, *Il Pantalone* means properly one of the regular characters in the old Italian comedy.
pantler, the servant who took care of the pantry or of the bread.
paper, securities.
papers, sets down in writing.
parcel, a part.
parcel-gilt, what is now called by artists *partly-gilt*.
Parish-garden, a vulgarity for

Paris-garden, the famous bear-garden in Southwark.
parish-top, a large top was formerly kept in every village to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work.
paritor, an *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's Court, who carries out citations.
parle, to parley.
parlous, a corruption of *perilous*—alarming, amazing, shrewd.
parmaceti, a corrupt form of *spermaceti*.
part, partly; a party; to depart.
partake, to extend participation of; to take part.
partaker, a partner, a confederate.
parted, endowed.
partialize, to make partial.
partisan, a kind of pike or halberd.
partlet, a woman's ruff or band.
party, a part.
pash, to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces; the head, rather a ludicrous term.
pass, to surpass; to pass belief; to die; to pass sentence; to care for; to assure; to convey.
passable, sufficient to procure a pass or admission.
passado, a pass or motion forwards (a fencing term).
passage, a passing away; the moving to and fro, the crossing, of passengers.
passes, artful devices, courses.
passion, to express sorrow or emotion; sorrow, emotion.
passionate sorrowful; to express passionately.
pastry, a room where pastry is made.
patch, properly a domestic fool, and used also as a term of contempt.
patched fool, a fool in a parti-colored dress.
patchery, roguery.
pathetical, affected and fantastically serious.
patines, a *patine* is [properly] the small flat dish or plate [for holding the bread] used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist.
patronage, to patronize, to support, to defend.
pattern, an instance, an example,

- pauca**, (a cant expression), the abbreviation of *pauca verba*.
- paucas** *pallabris*; see *palabras*.
- pavin**, a dance.
- pax**, a small plate of metal, which, during a certain part of the mass, was tendered to the laity to be kissed.
- pay**, to beat; to punish; to dispatch; to requite; to hit.
- payment**, a punishment.
- peach**, to impeach.
- peak**, to become emaciated, to mope, to be spiritless.
- peascod**, the husk that contains the peas; a peascod-branch, and *cods* signify pods.
- peat**, a pet, a fondling.
- pedant**, a schoolmaster.
- peel'd**, tansured.
- peevish**, silly, foolish, trifling.
- peise**, to weigh down; to poise.
- pelleted**, formed into small balls; consisting of small balls.
- pelt**, to rage clamorously.
- pelting**, paltry, contemptible.
- penetrative**, penetrating.
- penner**, a case for holding pens.
- pensioners**, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners, who wore a splendid uniform.
- perdu**, a soldier sent on a forlorn hope.
- perdurable**, lasting.
- perdurably**, lastingly.
- perdy**, verily (*par dieu*).
- peregrinate**, of a foreign or outlandish cast.
- perfect**, to instruct fully.
- perfect**, certain, well-informed.
- perforce**, by violence; of necessity.
- periapts**, amulets; charms worn as preservatives against diseases or mischief.
- period**, an end; to put an end to.
- perish**, to cause to perish, to destroy.
- perishen**, perish.
- perjure**, to corrupt; perjurer.
- perpend**, to weigh, to consider attentively.
- perplex'd**, distracted.
- person**, a parson.
- pertly**, alertly, quickly.
- pervert**, to turn away or aside.
- pestering**, crowding.
- petar**, or *petard*, an engine, charged with powder, used to blow up gates, &c.
- Pheeze**, a made word from *pheeze*.
- pheeze**, to beat, to chastise, to humble.
- Philip**, a name for the common sparrow, perhaps from its note, *phip, phip*.
- phismomy**, physiognomy.
- phraseless**, beyond the power of language to describe justly.
- pick**, to pitch.
- picked**, scrupulously nice, foppish, fastidious.
- pickers and stealers**—By these, By these hands.
- picking**, insignificant.
- pick-thanks**, fawning parasites.
- pied**, party-colored.
- piedness**, diversity of color.
- pight**, pitched, fixed, settled.
- pig-nuts**, earth-nuts.
- pilcher**, a scabbard, a sheath.
- pill**, to pillage.
- Pillicock**: this word was frequently used as a term of endearment.
- pin**, the wooden nail of the target.
- pin-buttock**, a sharp pointed buttock.
- pink cyne**, small, winking, half-shut eyes.
- pitch and pay**, Pay on delivery.
- pitying**, remitting his ransom.
- place**, a term in falconry, meaning the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight.
- place**, precedence.
- placket**, the slit or opening in a petticoat, and a stomacher.
- plague**, a punishment.
- plain**, to complain; to make plain.
- plain-song**, the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chant* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song* or variegated music sung by note.
- planched**, planked.
- plantage**, plants, vegetation.
- plantain**, the herb so called, not the tree.
- plantation**, colonizing.
- plants**, the soles of the feet, **feet**.
- plash**, a pool.
- plates**, pieces of silver money.
- platforms**, plans, schemes.
- plausibly**, by acclamation.
- plausive**, pleasing, taking, specious.
- play-feres**, play-fellows.
- pleached**, interwoven, intertwined.
- pleasance**, pleasure, delight.
- please-man**, an officious parasite.
- plighted**, complicated, involved.
- plume up**, to prank up, to gratify.

- plummet**, a plumb-line, for sounding the depth of the water.
- plumpy**, plump, fat.
- plurisy**, a plethora, a superabundance.
- poach**, *poche*, or *potch*, to thrust.
- pocas** *palabras*: see *palabras*.
- point**, a tagged lace, common in ancient dress.
- point**—*To*, exactly.
- point-devise**, finically-exact, minutely exact.
- poise**, weight, importance.
- poking-sticks**, instruments for setting the plaits of ruffs.
- Polack**, a Pole.
- pole**, the standard.
- polled**, shorn, cleared.
- pomander**, either a composition of various perfumes, wrought into the shape of a ball, or a case, for containing such a mixture of perfumes.
- pome-water**, a species of apple.
- Poor-John**, hake salted and dried.
- popinjay**, a parrot.
- popularity**, plebeian intercourse.
- porpentine**, a porcupine.
- port**, state.
- portage**, an outlet,—port-holes.
- portance**, bearing, behavior.
- possess**, to inform precisely.
- possession**, insanity.
- posters**, swift travelers.
- posy**, a motto.
- potato**, formerly regarded as a strong provocative.
- potting**, drinking.
- pottle**, a measure of two quarts; frequently meaning a drinking vessel.
- pouncet-box**, a box for holding perfumes, with a perforated lid.
- powder**, to salt.
- practice**, contrivance, treachery, conspiracy; practical.
- practisants**, confederates in stratagem.
- practise**, to use arts or stratagems, to plot.
- 'praise**, to appraise.
- prank**, to deck out.
- pray** *in aid*, a law-term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.
- precedence**, what has preceded.
- precedent**, the original draught of a writing; a prognostic.
- preceptial**, consisting of precepts.
- precepts**, warrants.
- precipitance**, the act of throwing one's self down a precipice.
- prefer**, advance.
- pregnancy**, readiness of wit.
- pregnant**, plain, evident, dexterous; ready and knowing.
- premised**, pre-sent.
- prenominate**, to foretell, to fore-name.
- preposterous**, the Clown's blunder for *prosperous*.
- prescript**, an order, a direction; prescriptive.
- presence**, the presence-chamber in a palace; person.
- press**, an impress, a commission to force persons into military service.
- pressed**, forced into military service.
- press-money**, the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the king's service.
- pressures**, impressions.
- prest**, ready.
- Prester John**, a fabulous Christian king of India, or of Abyssinia, or of some *terra incognita*. His title of *Prester John* originated, according to that veracious traveller, Sir John Mandevile, in the following circumstance: the said king, having gone with a Christian knight into a church in Egypt, was so pleased with the service, that he determined no longer to be called king or emperor but *priest*, "and that he wolde have the name of the first preest that wente out of the churche: and his name was John."
- pretence**, an intention, a design.
- pretend**, to intend, to design, to hold out, to portend.
- pretty**, petty.
- prevail**, to avail.
- prevent**, to anticipate.
- preyful**, pursuing prey or game.
- prick**, a point on a dial: *noon-tidt prick* (point of noon); the point in the centre of the butts; a prickle; a skewer; to nominate by a puncture or mark; —*song*, a harmony written or pricked down, in opposition to plain-song.
- pricket**, a buck of the second year.
- prig**, a thief, a pick-pocket.
- prime**, first, principal.
- prime**, eager; the spring.
- primero**, a game at cards.
- primy**, early, belonging to the spring.

principality, an angel of a high order.
principals, the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.
princox, a pert youth.
print—*in*, With great exactness.
private, confidential intelligence.
prize, a privilege.
probal, probable.
probation, proof, act of proving.
process, a summons, a citation.
proclamation, a report, a character.
prodigious, portentous, unnatural.
proditor, a betrayer, a traitor.
proin, to prune.
prolixious, prolix, causing delay.
prolong'd, deferred.
prono, prompt, forward, headstrong, significant.
proof hardened; firm temper, impenetrability.
proper, one's own.
proper, well-looking.
property, to appropriate; to endow with properties or qualities.
propose, conversation; to discourse; to converse; to image to oneself.
propriety, proper state or condition.
propugnation, defence.
prorogue, to prolong.
provand, provender, food.
provokes, urges on, impels.
provoking, stimulating.
Puck, fiend or devil.
pudency, modesty.
pugging, priggish, thieving.
puke-stocking, dark-colored, (perhaps equivalent to *puce*).
pulside, the Hostess's corruption of *pulse*.
pun, to pound, to beat.
punto, a thrust, a stroke, (a fencing term).
punto reverso, a back-handed thrust or stroke (a fencing-term).
purchase, gain, advantage; a cant term for stolen goods.
purples, the early purple orchis.
pursuivants, heralds.
push, an exclamation, equivalent to *push*.
put on, to instigate.
puttock, a kite.
puzzel, a foul drab.
pyramis, a pyramid.

Q.

quail, to overpower, to slacken.
quails, a cant term for prostitutes.
quaint, ingenious, clever, artful, neat, elegant.
quak'd gladly, thrown into grateful trepidation.
qualify, to soften, to weaken.
quality, (used technically to signify) the profession of an actor; a profession, an occupation.
quarter, an allotted post or station.
quat, a pimple.
queasiness, sickness of a nauseated stomach, distaste, disgust.
queasy, nauseated, disgusted, delicate, unsettled.
quell, to kill; murder, assassination.
quench, to grow cool.
quern, a hand-mill for grinding corn, made from two corresponding stones.
quest, a search, an inquiry, an inquest, an impanelled jury, an inquisition.
questant, an aspirant, a candidate.
question, conversation, a point, a topic; to converse.
questionable, easy and willing to be conversed with.
questrists, persons who go in quest or search of another.
quick, living, alive, inventive, quick-witted, pregnant.
quiddits, and *quiddities*, legal quibblings, equivocations.
quietus, an Exchequer term, which denotes that an accountant is *quit*.
quilllets, sly turns in argument, nice and frivolous distinctions; chicanery.
quilt, a flock-bed.
quintain, originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry.
quip, a sharp retort, a taunt.
quire, a company; to sing in concert.
quit, to acquit, to requite, to retaliate, to avenge, to set free.
quittance, an acquittance, a discharge, a requital; to requite.
quiver, nimble, active.
quote, to note, to mark,—formerly pronounced, and often written, *cote*.

R.

- R** called *the dog's letter* from its resemblance in sound to the snarling of a dog.
- rabato**, a kind of ruff or band; it comes from *rabattre*, to *put back*, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turned back towards the shoulders.
- rabbit-sucker**, a sucking rabbit.
- rabble**, a band of inferior spirits.
- rable**, rabble.
- race**, inborn quality, disposition, nature; a root.
- rack**, a mass of vapory clouds; to move like vapor; to exaggerate.
- rag**, a term of contempt,—a rag-amuffin.
- ragged**, broken, unequal,—rough, beggarly, base, ignominious.
- raging-wood**, raging-mad.
- rak**, to cover.
- rampallian**, a term of low abuse.
- rank**, a row; grown to great height, gross.
- rankness**, exuberance.
- rapture**, a violent seizure, a fit.
- raroly**, nicely, happily.
- rascal**, a deer lean and out of season.
- rash**, sudden, violent.
- raught**, reached, snatched away.
- ravel out**, to unfold, to disclose.
- ravin**, to devour eagerly; ravening.
- ravin'd**, ravenous.
- rawly**, hastily, suddenly.
- rayed**, befouled.
- read**, (or *rede*), counsel, advice
- rearily**, early.
- reason**, to converse, to talk.
- rebate**, to make obtuse to dull.
- rebuted**, Quasi *abused*.
- receipt**, a receptacle.
- receiving**, ready apprehension.
- recheat**, a hunting-term for certain notes sounded on the horn, employed to recall the dogs from a wrong scent.
- reck**, to care.
- recognizance**, a badge, a token.
- recomforted**, comforted.
- record**, to sing.
- recorder**, a sort of flute or flageolet.
- re-deliver**, to report.
- reduce**, to bring back.
- reechy**, smoky, greasy, filthy.
- refelled**, refuted.
- refuge**, to shelter, to palliate.
- refuse**, to renounce, to disown.
- regard**, consideration, a view.
- regiment**, government, sway.
- regreet**, to salute; a salutation.
- reguerdon**—*In*, In recompense.
- rejour**, to adjourn.
- relent**, to repent.
- relume**, to light again.
- remain**, to dwell.
- remediate**, able to give remedy, restorative.
- remember**, to remind, to mention.
- remembered**—*To be*, To have one's memory recalled, to recollect.
- remembrance**, memory.
- remonstrance**, a demonstration, a discovery.
- remorse**, compassion, tenderness of heart.
- remotion**, a removal.
- removed**, remote, sequestered.
- removes**, journeys or post-stages.
- render**, an account, a confession; to describe, to state.
- renege**, to deny, to renounce.
- renying**, forswearing.
- repair**, to renovate.
- repast**, to feed.
- repasture**, provision.
- repeal**, to recall, a recall.
- repine**, a repining.
- replenished**, consummate, complete.
- replication**, a reply, reverberation.
- reprehend**, Dull's blunder for *represent*.
- reprobance**, reprobation.
- reproof**, to disprove; a confutation.
- repugn**, to resist.
- reputing**, presuming, boasting.
- requicken**, revived.
- requit**, requited.
- rere-mice**, bats.
- reserve**, to guard, to preserve carefully.
- resolutes**, desperate persons.
- resolution**, conviction, assurance.
- resolve**, to satisfy, to inform, to remove perplexity or uncertainty, to convince, to solve, to dissolve.
- respect**, regard, consideration.
- respect of the best**, of the highest respectability.
- respective**, respectful, formal.
- respective**, regardful, considerate, respectable.
- respectively**, respectfully.
- rest**—*To set up one's*, to be perfectly determined on a thing.
- re-stem**, to stem or steer the *stem* back again, against tide or current.

restful, quiet, peaceful.
resty, torpid, idle.
retire, a retreat.
retiring, returning.
return, to make known to.
reverbs, reverberates.
reverse, a fencing term.
revolts, revolters, rebels.
re-word, to re-echo.
rheumatic, splenetic, peevish.
rib, to enclose.
ribaudred, lewd.
rich'd, enriched.
rid, to destroy.
riggish, wanton.
rightly, directly.
rigol, a circle.
rim, entrails.
ring-time, time for marriage.
Ringwood, a common name for a dog.
ripening, ripeness, maturity.
rivage, a bank, a shore.
rivality, participation, equality, of rank.
rivals, partners, associates.
rive, to fire.
rivo, a Bacchanalian exclamation.
road, a roadstead, a haven, a journey, an inroad; the cant term for a prostitute.
rogues, wandering beggars, vagrants.
roisting, bullying, defying.
romage, tumultuous hurry; another way of writing *rummage*.
rondu, a round, a belt.
ronyon, a mangy, scabby creature.
rood—*The*. The cross, the crucifix.
rook'd squatted down, lodged, roosted.
ropery, roguery.
rother, a horned beast.
round, a diadem; plain-spoken, unceremonious; to whisper.
roundel, a dance.
rouse, a large draught, a bumper, a carouse.
rout, a tumult, a multitude, a rabble.
royal, a gold coin.
roynish, mangy, scabby, paltry.
rubious, red, ruddy.
ruddock, the redbreast.
rudesby, a rude fellow, a blusterer.
ruffle, to be turbulent, to swagger.
ruinate, to bring to ruin.
rule, behavior.
rumor a loud murmur.

S.

Saba, the Queen of Sheba.
sacred, belonging to an empress.
sad, serious.
sadness, seriousness.
Sagittary, the sign of the fictitious creature so called, *i. e.* an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver.
sain, said.
sallet, or *salade*, a close-fitting headpiece.
salt, a salt-cellar.
Saltiers, *Satyrs*.
Samingo, a corruption or abbreviation of *San Domingo*.
sanctuarize, to shelter.
sand-blind, very dim-sighted, purblind.
sanded, of a sandy color.
sans, without (*Fr.*).
satire, satirist.
sauce, (in vulgar language), to serve out; to treat insolently, to abuse.
savage, silvan, uncultivated.
savagery, wild growth.
sawn, sown.
say, an assay, a sample, a taste.
say, a kind of serge, made entirely of wool.
say'd, assayed.
scald, properly "scabby," but used as a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.
scall, used by Sir Hugh Evans for *scald*.
scamble, to scramble.
scantling, a certain proportion, a portion.
scape, a sally, an act of lewdness, a freak.
scathe, hurt, damage; to hurt, to injure.
scattered, divided, unsettled, disunited.
sconce, a round fortification, a head; to ensconce, to hide.
scornful, scorned.
scotch, to make incisions, to score or cut slightly.
scotches, cuts.
scrimers, fencers.
scrip, a slip of writing.
scrippage, the contents of a scrip.
scroyles, scabby fellows.
sculls, shoals.
'scuse, an excuse.
scut, a tail.
seam, grease, lard.

- search**, to probe.
season, to confirm, to establish.
seconds, a provincial term for the second kind of flour, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted.
sect, sex; a cutting.
secure, careless, over-confident.
securely, carelessly, over-confidently.
seedness, seed-time.
seel, to close up the eyes, to blind; properly a term of falconry.
seeming, fair appearance, specious, seemingly, becomingly.
segregation, a separation, a dispersion.
seiz'd, possess'd (a law-term).
seld, seldom.
seldom-when, rarely, not often.
seld-shown *flamens*, priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view.
self-admission, self-allowance, self-approbation.
self-bounty, inherent generosity.
semblable, a resemblance, a likeness, like, similar.
semblably, in like manner.
semblative, resembling.
seniory, seniority.
sennet, a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet.
Senoys, the Siennese.
sense, sensation, sensual passion.
septentrion—*The*, The north.
sequent, a follower.
requester, a sequestration, a separation.
sergeant, a bailiff, a sheriff's officer.
serpigo, a sort of tetter or dry eruption on the skin.
servant, a lover.
servanted, subjected.
scssa, be quiet.
set, to value;—*a match*, make an appointment (in the cant language of thieves, plan a robbery);—*of wit well play'd*, a term from tennis.
Setebos, a great devil.
setter, one who watches, and points out to his comrades, the persons to be plundered.
several, fields that were enclosed were called *sevcral*s, in opposition to *commons*.
sewer, an officer, who placed the dishes on the table, took them off, &c.
Shafalus, *Procrus*, blunders for *Cephalus*. *Procris*.
shales, shells, the outer coats of fruit.
shard-borne beetle—*The*, The beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or scaly wings [properly wing-cases].
shards, fragments of broken pottery, of pots; wings.
shark'd up, picked up without distinction.
shealed, shaled, shelled.
shearman, one who shears wool-len cloth.
sheav'd hat, a straw hat.
sheen, shining, bright.
sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief.
sheep-biting, thievish.
sheer ale, pure, unmixed ale.
shent, the pret. and past part. of *shend*, to chide, to rate, to scold; treated roughly, ruined, undone.
shine, brightness, lustre.
ship tire—*The*, A sort of head-dress.
shive, slice.
shock, to meet force with force.
shog, to jog.
shoon, shoes.
shore, to set on shore.
short, to come short of.
shot, shooter.
shoten *herring*, a herring that has cast its spawn.
shoughs, a shaggy kind of dogs.
shoulder-shotten, sprained, dislocated in the shoulder.
shove-groat shilling, a shilling used at the game of *shove-groat*, which appears to have differed little, if at all, from that of *shovel-board*.
shrew, to beshrew.
shrieve, a sheriff.
shrill-gorg'd, shrill-throated, shrill-voiced.
shrow, a shrew.
shrowd, shelter, protection.
sib, akin, related to.
siege, a seat; place, rank.
sightless, unsightly, invisible.
sign, to show to mark.
significant, affectedly used in the sense of "letter."
signs, ensigns.
silly, harmless, inoffensive, plain.
silly-cheat, picking pockets.
simplicity, folly.
simular, a simulator, counterfeited.

single, weak, feeble, simple, void of guile.

singularities, curiosities, rarities.
sink-a-pace, a corruption of *cinq-pace*.

sir, a gentleman, a gallant, a courtier.

sirrah, a familiar address; an address to a woman.

sir-reverence, a corruption of *save-reverence*, an old formula of apology for introducing any too free or indelicate expression.

sister, to resemble closely, to be near to.

sith, since.

sithence, since.

sizes, allowances.

skains-mates, companion scapegraces.

skill, reason.

skills *not—It*, It matters not, it makes no difference.

skipper, a youngster.

skirr, to move rapidly, to scour.

slab, slabby, glutinous.

slack, to be remiss in, to neglect, **slanderous**, the object of slander.

sleave and *sleave-silk*, soft floss silk, used for weaving.

sleeve, worn as a favor.

sleeve-hand, a cuff, a wrist-band, altered to *sleeve-band*.

sleeveless, useless, unprofitable.

sleided silk, untwisted silk.

sleight, an artifice.

slight, a contraction of *by his* (God's) *light*.

slighted, pitched.

slip, a piece of false money, synonymous with *counterfeit*.

slip, the noose by which greyhounds were held before they were allowed to start for the game; to loose the hounds from the *slip*.

sliver, to cleave, to slice off, to tear off; a slip, a portion cut or broken off.

slobbery, sloppy.

slop, large loose trousers or breeches.

slow'd, made slow, retarded.

slubber, to obscure, to soil, to do carelessly or imperfectly.

smatch, a smack, a taste, a tincture.

smilets, the diminutive of *smiles*.

smooth, to caress, to flatter.

smug, neat, spruce, trim.

Smulkin, a fiend.

smutch'd, blackened with soot.

snatches, shuffling, quibbling answers.

sneap, to check, to nip; a check, a rebuke, a snubbing.

snick-up, an exclamation of contempt.

snipe, a silly fellow.

snuff—*To take in*, to be angry, to take offence; an object of contempt.

snuffs, angers, offence-takings,

soilure, stain, defilement.

solace, to render mirthful, to take pleasure, to amuse.

solely, alone

solicit, to move.

soliciting, incitement.

solidares, coin.

solve, solution.

sometime, formerly.

sometimes, formerly.

soon at, about.

sooth, truth, sweetness, softness, true.

soothe, to flatter.

sore (or *soare*), a buck of the fourth year.

sorel, a buck of the third year.

sort, a company, a crew; to class, to choose, to suit, to accord, to adapt, to frame, to associate, to bring to a good issue, to fall out; rank, quality.

sortance, suitableness, agreement.

sorts, different degrees.

sot, a fool.

soul-fearing, soul-terrifying.

souse, to rush down on and strike with violence.

sowl, to lug, to seize.

Sowter—*i. e.* Cobbler,—the name of a hound.

span-counter, a pastime.

speciously, a blunder of Mrs. Quickly for *specially*.

speculation, vision, faculty of sight.

speculative, visual.

speed, hap, fortune.

sperr, to shut, to bar, to make fast.

'spials, espials, spies.

spill, to destroy.

spilth, a spilling, an effusion.

spital, an hospital.

spleen, humor, caprice, inconstancy, haste in excess, violent mirth.

spleeny, ill-tempered, peevish,

splinter, to splint.

spotted, stained, polluted.

sprag, or *sprack*, ready, quick, alert.

- spring**, a beginning, a young shoot of a tree.
- spurs**, the lateral shoots of the roots of trees.
- squandered**, dispersed, scattered.
- square**, equitable, suitable; to quarrel.
- squarer**, a quarrelor.
- squares**, squadrons.
- squash**, an unripe peascod,
- squiny**, to look askint.
- squire**, a square, a rule.
- stablish**, to establish.
- stablishment**, an establishment, a settled inheritance, a kingdom.
- stage**, to exhibit publicly, to represent on the stage.
- stain**, tincture, disgrace.
- stale**, a decoy, a bait, a pretence, a mask, a cant term for a prostitute, a laughing stock * to make cheap or common.
- stalk**, to creep stealthily and stoopingly.
- stall**, to dwell, to keep close, to install, to invest.
- stanch**, not to be broken, united.
- stanchless**, not to be stanch'd, insatiate.
- stand upon**, or *on*, to concern, to interest, to be of consequence to; to pride one's self on, to insist on.
- standard**, a standard-bearer, an ensign.
- standing**, continuance, direction.
- staniel**, an inferior, but beautiful species of falcon.
- stark**, stiff.
- starting-hole**, an evasion.
- start-up**, an upstart.
- starve**, to deprive of power.
- state**, a raised chair, a chair of state, a person of high rank,
- station**, an attitude, the act of standing, the state of repose.
- statist**, a statesman.
- statue**, synonymous with "picture."
- statute**, its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money.
- statutes**, particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgment for securing debts.
- staves**, the wood of the lances,—lances.
- stead**, to assist, to benefit.
- stell'd fixed**.
- stelled**, starry,
- stem**, the prow or forepart of a ship.
- sternage**, steerage,
- stickler**, one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed.
- stiff**, hard, unpleasant.
- stigmatic**, one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.
- stigmatical**, marked with deformity.
- sting**, sexual passion.
- stint**, to cease, to stop, to cause to stop.
- stitchery**, needlework.
- stithied**, formed on the *stith* or anvil.
- stithy**, a forge.
- stoccado**, a thrust in fencing.
- staccata**, a thrust in fencing.
- stock**, an abbreviation of *stoccado*.
- stock**, a stocking; to put in the stocks.
- stock-fish**, dried cod.
- stomach**, stubborn resolution, courage, anger, pride; to resent, to bear an angry remembrance of.
- stomaching**, resentment.
- stone-bow**, a cross-bow for shooting stones.
- stool-ball**, a game.
- stoop**, or *stoup*, sometimes used to signify a cup, sometimes a much larger vessel; a term in falconry—to rush down violently from a height in the air upon the prey.
- store**, use.
- story**, to relate.
- stout**, unbending, obstinate, stubborn.
- stoutness**, obstinacy, stubbornness.
- stover**, fodder and provision of all sorts for cattle.
- Strachy**—*The lady of the*, The judge's or lawyer's widow.
- straight-pight**, straight-built, upright.
- strain**, a turn, a tendency, an inborn disposition.
- strain**, a stock, a lineage, difficulty, doubt.
- strait**, strict, rigorous, niggardly.
- strange**, coy, shy, reserved, foreign, a stranger.
- strangely**, with a distant reserved manner.
- strangeness**, coyness.
- stranger'd**, estranged, alienated.
- strappado**, a military punishment.
- stratagem**, a dreadful event, a calamity.

stray, a dereliction, stragglers; to mislead.

stricture, strictness.

strike, (a naval term), to lower the sails; to tap.

strikers, borrowers, thieves.

strong, determined.

strossers, tight close drawers.

stuck, more properly *stock*, an abbreviation of *stoccado*.

stuff, luggage, movables.

style—*Aggravate his*: see *aggravate*.

subscribe, to yield, to give way.

subscription, submission, obedience.

substractors, detractors.

subtilties, confections; when a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, called a *subtilty*.

subtle, smooth.

succeeding, a consequence.

success, a succession, the issue the sequel, the consequence of a thing.

successively, by order of succession.

sudden, hasty, violent.

suggest, to tempt, to incite, to seduce.

suggestion, temptation, seduction.

suit, to clothe; suit-service, service due to a superior lord.

suites, arranged.

sullens, moroseness.

sumless, not to be computed, inestimable.

summoners, officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.

sumpter, a horse to carry necessities on a journey.

sun-burned, uncomely, homely, ill-favored.

superfluous, possessed of more than enough.

superserviceable, over-officious.

suppliant, suppletory, auxiliary.

supplyment, a continuance of supply.

supposal, a notion, a belief.

suppose, a supposition.

sur-addition, a surname, an additional name.

surance an assurance.

surcease, to cease; a cessation.

surfeiter, a glutton, a reveler.

sur-reined, over-worked.

suspect, suspicion.

suppiration, the act of drawing

the breath from the bottom of the breast.

suppire, to breathe.

swabber, a sweeper of the deck of a vessel.

swart, or *swarth*, black, dusky.

swashers, swaggerers, braggadocios.

swashing, swaggering, blustering, dashing.

sway, to incline.

sweet-and-twenty, twenty times sweet, a term of endearment.

sweeting, a kind of sweet apple, and used as a term of endearment.

swift, ready.

swinge-bucklers, riotous blades, roisterers.

swinged, whipped.

Swithold, the contraction of *Saint Withold*.

swoopstake, by wholesale, undistinguishingly.

sworder, a swordsman, a cut-throat, a gladiator.

sworn-out, forsworn, renounced.

sounds, swoons.

sympathy, an affection incident at once to two subjects.

T.

table, in the language of palmistry or chiromancy, the whole collection of lines on the skin within the hand; a panel surface on which a picture is painted, a memorandum book.

tabled, set down in writing.

tables, backgammon (and other games played with the same board and dice).

tabourines, small drums.

tag, the common people, the rabble.

tainture, defilement.

take, to bewitch, to affect with malignant influence, to strike, to take refuge in;—*in*, to conquer, to subdue;—*on*, to be angry, to rage, to simulate, to pretend;—*order*, to adopt measures, to make necessary dispositions;—*out*, to copy;—*peace with*, to forgive, to pardon;—*the head*, to act with out restraint, to take undue liberties;—*thought*, to turn melancholy;—*up*, to settle, to make up, to obtain goods on credit, to take commodities upon trust, to levy.

taking, witchery, malignant influence.
talent, talon.
tall, able, bold, stout.
tang, a twang; to twang, to ring out.
tanlings, persons subject to the tanning influence of the sun.
tardy, to delay, to hinder.
tarre, to provoke, to incite, to set on.
tarriance, a stay, a tarrying.
task, to keep busy, to occupy, to challenge, to tax.
tassel-gentle, properly *tiercel-gentle*, the male of the goshawk.
taste, a trial, to try, to prove; —in some, is another way of saying in some measure or degree.
tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace.
taxation, censure, satire, invective.
taxing, censure, satire, invective.
teen, grief, trouble, vexation.
temper, temperament, constitution; to mould, to work, to fashion, to compound, to work together to a proper consistence.
temperance, temperature.
tender, to regard, to take care of; regard, kind concern, care.
tenner, tenour.
tent, a roll of lint for searching or cleansing a wound or sore, a probe; to probe.
tercel, male hawk.
Termagant, a Saracen deity.
terminations, words, terms.
termless, beyond the power of terms or words to describe justly.
test—overt, open proofs, external evidence.
tested, pure.
tester, a coin, the value of sixpence.
testril, a sixpence.
tetchy, touchy, peevish, fretful.
tetter, to infect with tetter, scab, scurf.
thane, a title of honor, used among the ancient Scots.
tharborough, a corruption of *thirdborough*.
theoric, a theory.
thick, rapidly.
thick-pleached, thickly interwoven.
thirdborough, the office is the same with that of constable.
thought, melancholy.
thread and thrum, the substance

of the warp, the small tuft beyond.
thrasonical, boastful.
three-man beetle, an implement used for driving piles.
three-piled, first-rate.
threne, a funeral song, a dirge.
thrice-repured, thrice purified.
thoroughly, thoroughly.
thrum, see *thread and thrum*.
thrummed hat, a hat composed of weaver's thrums, or of very coarse woolen cloth.
thwart, perverse.
Tib, a low, common woman.
tice, to entice.
tick-tack, properly, a game at tables, a sort of backgammon.
tickle, tottering, unsteady.
tickle-brain, a cant name for a species of strong liquor.
tidy, in good condition, plump.
tight, adroit, alert.
tike, a dog, a cur.
tilly-vally, an interjection of contempt.
tilth, land tilled, prepared for sowing, tillage.
timeless, untimely.
timely, early.
tinct, tincture, the grand elixir of the alchemists.
tire, to pull, to tear, to feed ravenously, to attire; an attire, a dress, a head-dress.
tire valiant, some sort of fanciful head-dress.
tiring-house, dressing-room of a theatre.
tithing, a division of a place, a district.
to, a prefix very common in our earliest writers; compared with, in addition to; the exclamation of plowmen to their draught-oxen.
toasts-and-butter, term of contempt.
tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool.
toge, a gown a robe.
toged, gowned, robed.
tomboys, coarse strumpets.
tongue, to chide, to talk, to prate.
top, to rise above, to surpass, to prune.
topless, supreme.
tortive, twisted.
touch, a touchstone, true metal, tried qualities, a perfection, a trait, spice or particle, hint, exact performance of agreement; to test by the touchstone.

- touse**, to pull, to pluck, to tear, to draw.
- toward** and *towards*, in a state of preparation, forthcoming, at hand.
- tower**, particularly applied to certain hawks, &c., which tower aloft, and thence swoop upon their prey.
- toy**, a trifle, a fancy, a freak of imagination.
- toys**, rumors, idle reports.
- trace**, to follow.
- trade**, resort, traffic, general course.
- traded**, practised, versed, experienced.
- traducement**, calumny.
- trains**, artifices, stratagems.
- trammel**, tie up, or, net up.
- translate**, to transform, to change.
- transport**, to remove from this world to the next.
- trash**, a strap, a rope dragging loose on the ground.
- trash**, to cut away the superfluities; a hunting term for checking or stopping the dogs, when too forward.
- travel**, stroll.
- traverse**, (a term in fencing) to use a posture of opposition, or to oppose a movement; (a military term) to march.
- tray-trip**, a game at cards, played with dice as well as with cards.
- treachers**, traitors.
- treaties**, entreaties, supplications.
- trench**, to cut, to carve.
- trencher-knight**, one who holds a trencher, a parasite.
- trick**, a peculiarity, a course, a manner, knack, a toy, a puppet; —*up*, deck out, adorn with.
- tricking**, decoration, dress.
- tricksy**, clever, adroit, dextrous, quaint, affected.
- trifle**, a phantom; to make of no importance.
- trigon**, triangle.
- trill'd**, trickled.
- trip** and *go*, the name of a favorite morris-dance; a proverbial expression for "I dare not tarry."
- triple**, third, one of three.
- tristful**, sad, sorrowful.
- triumph**, a general term for public exhibitions of various kinds.
- Trojan**, a cant term, sometimes of reproach, sometimes of commendation.
- troll**, to sing with volubility.
- troll-my-dames**, the game of *Troll-madam* was borrowed from the French (*Trou-madame*): an old English name for it was *Pigeon-holes*.
- tropically**, figuratively.
- trot**, an old woman.
- trow**, to think, to conceive, to believe.
- true**, honest.
- trundle-tail**, a curly-tailed dog.
- trunk** *sleeve*, a large, wide sleeve.
- try**, a trial, a test.
- tuck**, a rapier.
- tucket**, a certain set of notes on the trumpet, a flourish.
- tuition**, protection.
- tun-dish**, a wooden funnel.
- Turk**—*Turn*, a figurative expression for a change of condition or opinion.
- turn**, to return.
- twiggen**, made of, or cased in, twigs or wicker-work.
- twinn'd**, like as twins.
- twire**, to peep out, to gleam or appear at intervals.
- Tybalt**, a cat was called *Tybert* or *Tybalt*.
- type**, a distinguishing mark.

U.

- unaccommodated**, unfurnished with the conveniences of life.
- unaccustom'd**, unseemly, indecent.
- unadvised**, not knowing.
- unavoided**, unavoidable, inevitable.
- unbarbed**, unshorn, untrimmed.
- unbated**, unblunted, without a button on the point.
- unbolt**, to open, to explain.
- unbolted**, unsifted, gross, utter.
- unbreath'd**, unexercised, unpractised.
- uncape**, throw off the dogs.
- uncharge**, acquit.
- uncharged** *ports*, unassaulted gates.
- unchary**, incautious.
- unchilded**, deprived of children.
- unclew**, to unwind, to undo.
- uncoined** real, true, unrefined, unadorned.
- uncomprehensive**, incomprehensible, mysterious.
- unconfirmed**, unpractised in the ways of the world.
- uncouth** (meaning properly "unknown"), unusual, strange.
- uncurse**, to free from execration.
- undeaf**, to free from deafness.

- undeeded**, not signalized by action.
- under-bear**, to guard to face, to trim, to undergo.
- undergo**, to undertake, to be subject to, to sustain, to support, to endure with firmness.
- under-skinker**, an under-drawer: *Skink* is *drink*, to *skink* is to *draw drink*, and a *skinker* is one that *serves drink at table*.
- undertake**, to engage with, to attack, to take charge of, to venture, to hazard, to assume.
- undertaker**, one who undertakes or takes up the quarrel or business of another; attacker, assailant.
- under-wrought**, underworked, undermined.
- undeserving** *praise*, praise undeserved.
- uneared**, unplowed, untilled.
- uneath**, scarcely, hardly.
- uneffectual**, shining without heat.
- unequal**, unjust.
- unexperient**, inexperienced.
- unexpressive**, inexpressible, ineffable.
- unfair**, to deprive of fairness, of beauty.
- unfather'd** *heirs*, equivocal births.
- unfurnish**, to deprive, to divest.
- unhair**, to strip off hair.
- unhair'd** *sauciness*, unbearded sauciness.
- unhappied**, made unhappy.
- unhappily**, mischievously.
- unhappiness**, mischief.
- unhappy**, mischievous, roguish, waggish.
- unhearts**, discourages.
- unhoused**, free from domestic cares, unmarried.
- unimproved**, unproved, uncensured, unimpeached.
- union**, a pearl of the finest kind.
- unjust**, dishonest.
- unkind**, unnatural, childless.
- unliv'd**, bereft of life.
- unlustrous**, devoid of lustre.
- unmaster'd**, unrestrained, licentious.
- unmeritable**, devoid of merit.
- unowed**, unowned.
- unpink'd**, not pierced with eyelet-holes.
- unpitied**, unmerciful.
- unplausible**, not applauding, not approving.
- unpolicied**, without policy.
- unpossessing**, having no possessions, incapable of possessing or inheriting.
- unpregnant**, unready, inapt, unable.
- unprizable**, inestimable, priceless, of small account.
- unprofited**, profitless.
- unproper**, not peculiar to an individual, common.
- unproportioned**, irregular, disorderly.
- unprovide**, divest of resolution.
- unqualitied**, unmanned, deprived of his faculties.
- unquestionable spirit**—*An*, A spirit averse from conversation.
- unready**, undressed.
- unrecalling**, unrecallable.
- unrecurring**, incurable.
- unrespected**, unnoticed, inconsiderate, unthinking, unvalued.
- unrough**, unbearded.
- unseasoned**, unseasonable.
- unseal'd**, unratified.
- unseam'd**, ripped, cut open.
- unseminar'd**, deprived of virility.
- unshapes**, confounds.
- unshunned**, inevitable.
- unsifted**, unwinnowed,—unried, inexperienced.
- unsinewed**, nerveless, weak.
- unsisting**, never at rest.
- unsmirched**, undefiled.
- unsorted**, not suitable.
- unstanch'd**, insatiate.
- unstate**, to deprive of state, to degrade.
- untaught**, rude unmannerly.
- untented** *woundings*, wounds not yet treated.
- untimeable**, not in good time.
- untraded** *oath*, a singular oath, not in common use.
- untruth**, disloyalty.
- unvalu'd**, invaluable.
- unwrapper'd**, unworn, not debilitated.
- unwitted**, deprived of understanding.
- unyoke**, to have done working.
- up**, shut up, in confinement.
- up-cast**, (a term at the game of bowls), a throw, a cast.
- uproar**, to throw into confusion.
- up-swarm'd**, raised in swarms.
- up-trimmed** — *New*, Newly dressed-up, decorated.
- upright**, upwards.
- upward**, the top.
- urchin**, a hedgehog, a particular sort of fairy.

urchin-shows fairy shows.
urchin-snouted, with a snout like that of a hedgehog.
usance, interest of money.
use, usance, interest of money, present possession, profit, benefit, custom, common occurrence; to continue, to make a practice of.
utis, *Utis*, or rather *Utas*, quasi *huitas*; from *huit*, French. The eighth day, or the space of eight days, after any festival. It was a law term, and occurs in some of our statutes.
utter, to sell.

V.

vade, to fade.
vail, to lower, to let fall; a sinking, a setting.
'vailful, availful.
vails, perquisites.
vain, light of tongue, not veracious.
valenced, fringed.
validity, worth, value.
vanity, a magical show or illusion.
vantage, an opportunity.
vantbrace, a vambrace—avant bras, or armor for the fore arm.
varlet, a servant to a knight or warrior, (also simply) a servant.
varletry, a rabble.
vary, variation, caprice.
vast, a waste.
vastidity, vastness, immensity.
vastly, like a waste.
vasty, vast.
vaunt, the van,—the beginning.
vaunt-couriers, forerunners, precursors.
vaward, the forepart, properly, of an army.
vegetives, vegetables, plants.
velure, velvet.
velvet-guards, the higher rank of female citizens.
vengeance, mischief, harm.
venomous wights, those who practice nocturnal sorcery.
ventages, small holes or apertures.
venue or *veney*, (a fencing term) a thrust; a coming on, an onset; a turn or bout; a hit.
verbal, verbose, full of talk, plain-spoken.
via, away! an interjection of exultation or encouragement.
vie, to hazard, to put down a certain sum upon a hand of cards.

viewless, invisible.
vigilant, a blunder of Dogberry for "vigilant."
vinewedst, most mouldy.
viol-de-gamboys, a base-viol or viol da gamba.
violenteth, acts with violence, rages.
virgin-knot, virgin-zone.
virtue, essence, valor.
virtuous, salutiferous, beneficial.
visiting and *visitating*, inspecting, surveying.
vizaments (in Sir Hugh's dialect, *adviseiments*), considerations.
voice, to nominate, to vote, to rumor, to report, to proclaim.
void, to quit.
'voided, avoided.
Volquessen, the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*.
voluntary, a volunteer.
voyage, a course, an attempt, an enterprise.
vulgar, common.
vulgarly, publicly, openly.
vulgars, the common people.

W.

waft, to beckon, to turn, to direct.
waftage, a passage by water.
wafture the act of waving, a motion.
wag, to go, to pack off, to stir.
wage, to be opposed as equal stakes in a wager; to prosecute, to continue to encounter.
waist, that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and fore-castle.
wake, to hold a late revel.
walk, a district in a forest.
wanion, vengeance, plague.
wann'd, turned pale.
wanting, not possessing, not skilled in.
wanton, a childish, feeble, effeminate person.
wappen'd, over-worn.
ward, to defend, to protect; custody, confinement.
warden-pies, pies made of *wardens*, large baking pears.
warder, a sort of truncheon.
warn, to summon.
wash'd a tile, labored in vain.
wassail, festivity, intemperance, drinking bout (from the Saxon *was hæl*, "be in health,"—the form of health-drinking).

- Wat**, a familiar name for a hare.
water-galls, secondary rainbows.
water star—*The*, The moon.
way, way of thinking, religious opinion.
weals-men, commonwealth men, legislators.
wealth, weal, benefit, advantage.
wear, fashion.
weather—*To keep the*, A nautical phrase, which means to keep to windward, and thus have the advantage.
weather-fends, defends from the weather, shelters.
wee, very small, diminutive, shrunk up.
weed, a garment, a dress.
week, a period of time indefinitely.
ween, to think, to suppose, to imagine.
weet, to know.
welkin, the sky.
welkin eye, a sky-colored, a sky-blue eye.
well, at rest, happy.
well-a-near, equivalent to *well-a-day*.
well-liking, good-conditioned, plump.
well seen, well-skilled, proficient.
wesand, the throat.
Wheeson-week, the Hostess's blunder for *Whitsun-week*.
whelk'd, twisted, convolved.
whelks, pustules.
when? an expression of impatience.
whenas, when.
wher, whether.
where, whereas.
whereas, where.
whether, whichever, which of the two.
whiffiers, those who preceded armies or processions as fifers or pipers.
while, until.
whileas, while.
whiles, until.
whist, still, hushed.
white-livered, dastardly, cowardly.
whitely, whitish.
whiting-time, bleaching-time.
whitsters, bleachers of linen.
whittle, a small clasp-knife.
whoobub, a hubbub.
whooping—*Out of all*, Out of all measure.
wide, wide of the mark.
- widow**, to endow with a widow's right.
widowhood, estate settled on a widow.
wight, a person, male or female.
wild, rash, precipitate.
wilderness, wildness, wild growth.
wildly, disorderly.
wimpled, hooded, veiled, blindfolded.
wind, to scent.
wipe, brand.
wise gentleman, equivalent to *wise-acre*, witting.
wish, to recommend.
wist, knew.
wistly, wistfully, eagerly.
wit, mental power, wisdom, sense, contrivance, stratagem; to know.
with, equivalent to *by*.
wit-snapper, one who affects repartee.
witty, knowing, sagacious, of sound judgment.
woe, woeful, sorry.
woman'd, accompanied, haunted by a woman.
woman-tir'd, hen-pecked.
wonder'd, able to effect wonders, marvellously gifted.
wood, mad.
woodcock, a cant term for a simpleton.
woodman, a forester, a huntsman, one who hunts female game.
woolward—*To go*, was to wear woollen, instead of linen, next the skin,—a penance.
woo't, for *wilt*.
word, a watch-word, a motto.
workings, acts, labors of thought.
world—*To go to the*, To be married.
world—*A woman of the*, A married woman.
worm, a serpent.
worship, to honor, to dignify; honor, dignity.
worth, substance, wealth.
worts, all kinds of pot-herbs.
wot, to know.
wo't, wilt.
would, equivalent to would have.
wound, enwrapped, encircled.
wrack, wreck, destruction, ruin.
wreak, revenge.
wreaks, fits of rage or violence.
wrest, a tuning-key for drawing up the strings of musical instruments.
wretch, a term of endearment.
wring, to writhe with anguish.

write, to write or style one's self.
writhled, wrinkled.
wroth, *Wroath* is used in some of
 of the old books for misfortune,
 and is often spelt like *ruth*.
wrought, agitated.
wrying, swerving, going astray.

Y.

yare, ready, nimble, handy.
yarely, readily, actively.
yaw, to move on unsteadily, to
 swagger, to vacillate.
y-clad, clad.
ycleped, called, named.
ycliped, another form of the pre-
 ceding.
Yead, an abbreviation of *Edward*,
yearn, to grieve, to vex.
Yedward, a familiar corruption of
Edward.

yellowness, jealousy.
yellows—*The*, jaundice.
yeoman, a sergeant's or bailiff's
 follower.
yerk, to jerk, to fling out, to kick,
 to strike with a quick smart blow.
yest, the spume on troubled water,
 foam.
yesty, spummy, frothy.
yield, to requite,
young, early.
younger, a novice, a greenhorn, a
 young gallant.

Z.

zany, a buffoon, a merry-andrew,
 a mimic.
zed, properly used as a term of con-
 tempt, because it is the last letter
 in the English alphabet.
zodiacs, years.



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